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## Norwich Musical Festival.

THE preliminary programme of the Norwich Musical Festival has reached the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC office. Proceedings commence on Tuesday evening, October 3, with Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," the artists being Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Bantock Pierpoint, Mr. J. H. Brockbank, and Mr. Norman Salmond. The conductor on this and all occasions, excepting when composers direct their own works, will be Mr. Randegger. Next morning Mr. Edward German, known as "the Richard the Third man," will produce his new Symphony in A minor, and this will be followed by the "Golden Legend," with Mesdames Albani and Marian McKenzie, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Bantock Pierpoint, and George Henschel as principals. In the evening Mr. Gaul's "Una" will see the light, and Paderewski will play his own "New Polish Fantasie for Pianoforte and Orchestra." Those who survive these ordeals will undergo Dr. Hubert Parry's "Judith" next morning, and, later in the day, Mr. J. F. Barnett's "The Wishing Bell." That over, Sarasate will play Dr. Mackenzie's "Pibroch," and an Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso by Saint-Saëns, which I would rather hear of than hear. On Friday morning a work entitled "Messiah" will be sung. The composer will not conduct, but the soloists, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Helen Trust, Mesdames McKenzie and Belle Cole, and Messrs. Ben Davies, Bantock Pierpoint, and Norman Salmond will make up for his absence. How the committee, by the way, have found parts for seven principals in the "Messiah" is a mystery which passes my comprehension. Do some sing the airs and some the recitatives? Finally, the proceedings will close on Friday evening with Mr. Cowen's "Water Lily," and a miscellaneous selection.

My readers will see that there is not the remotest possibility of this festival bringing any great work to light. The various composers are either men who have indisputably proved that greatness is too high an aim for them, or they have selected subjects which put greatness quite out of the question. Still, a committee of honest merchants and shopkeepers can hope for little better results than this. Something might be done if all the permanent officials were cashiered, and a fresh start made. Several things want doing. In the first place it is rather wearisome to go to one festival after another and hear "St. Paul" or "Elijah," and the "Messiah" with clockwork regularity. Of course the old hands dodge these performances—that is to say these performances are absolutely no use to many. Again, wherever we go we hear the same old set : Albani, Lloyd, Bantock Pierpoint, Belle Cole. These are two principal evils—and here are suggested remedies. If old works must

be sung the committees of the festivals should revive old works that are so seldom heard as to have become new. Purcell's music lies rotting, the dust is thick on Sebastian Bach's, and some of Handel's most splendid inspirations have not been heard by this generation. But far better than merely reviving old works would it be to fetch forth new ones by offering prizes for the best. A moderate sum should be offered for the best cantata. I say moderate because it would be better that the men who have made reputations should not compete. When advertising the prize the committee should state that though the prize would not be refused to any work which was thought the best, yet as a "point of honour" it was hoped such men would not compete. And to secure the same end the committee of adjudicators should be drawn from the principal provincial towns as well as from London. It is my candid opinion that unless some provisions of the kind were made the prizes would circulate amongst the "ring" who now control musical affairs in London. That "ring" would probably try to have the value of the prize increased, would declaim wildly about the "best men" being debarred from competing, and would move heaven and earth to get each other appointed adjudicators. Only a strong festival committee of level-headed business men, knowing what was wanted, would succeed in putting the various protections I have named into force. If they succeeded, they would succeed also in raising a fine crop of musical works of art. For, depend upon it, the "ring" does not include, it excludes, the best men. Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner had each in his day to fight the "ring" which ruled musical affairs for its own advantage. So much then for the works produced. Now as to singers, it is undeniable that there are, not scores, but several fine singers at the present day who simply cannot get "in" at these festivals. All the committee need do is to open its eyes and its ears, refuse to be led by the permanent officials, and engage a good singer wherever they find him or her. Of course the officials and the "ring" will pooh-pooh and endeavour to diligently play into one another's hands, but here again a strong and sensible committee may prevail and do much for art. Possibly my readers know very little of the difficulties attending "getting on" as a singer: how he (or she) must flatter or bully, cajole or intrigue for position. A few have refused to do this, and have found the fight a hard one. Let me give an instance. Mr. Bispham is a most remarkable singer, a complete artist with a fine voice. Yet it is only recently that he has succeeded in getting "in." He probably never would have succeeded had not the public liked him. After he made a hit in "La Basoche" a dead-set was made at him—to keep him down. It is the same in every case where a singer refuses to intrigue.

This much, then, for what the festival committee might do. As to what it is doing in addition to what I have mentioned :

"It has arranged that instead of appli-

cations for serial tickets being left over to a later date, such applications should be receivable at once, and a form of application is therefore sent herewith. On the return of application forms, they will be numbered in the order of their receipt, and seats subsequently allotted. The advantages of a serial ticket are as follows : (1) It admits to each of the performances during the festival. (2) The holder of such a ticket secures the first choice of seats. (3) The holder retains the same seat throughout the festival. (4) The holder has the benefit of a reduction in price. (5) The ticket is transferable so as to enable several members of a family, or friends, to combine and mutually arrange attendance at the different concerts with the certainty of a good place." It has engaged Paderewski to play, in addition to his new Polish fantasia, a nocturne and study by Chopin, and a Liszt rhapsody. And after all, as I said, one cannot expect much more from a committee.

## Au Courant.

BY the recent death of Canon Ellerton one of the finest hymn writers of modern times has been removed. His "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise" has made his name known to all Church musicians, and there are many more of his hymns in constant use. He was co-editor with Bishop How and others of "Church Hymns," published in 1871, and his "Notes and Illustrations" to that work were incorporated with the folio edition of ten years later. He composed in all some fifty original hymns, and his translations from the Latin make ten more. His sympathy with nature, especially in her sadder moods, is very marked; and his best known hymn shows how much he loved the peace of eve and liked to linger in the shadows.

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A GOOD story has recently been told of Mr. Edward Lloyd, our premier tenor. He seldom sings in private, but on one occasion when visiting some friends a little way out of town, he was prevailed upon to do so. A clergyman who was present was not aware of the identity of the singer, and at the close of the song approached him quietly and said : "Really, sir, you should not waste your voice like this. Now, we are in need of another tenor in our choir, I shall be very happy to give you £30 a year. Think it over." The singer smiled and said he would think it over, but the cleric, I believe, is still without his new tenor! Mr. Lloyd, by the way, has, during the last month, been singing in the several Canadian towns visited en route to Chicago. At his first performance in the concert-hall of the World's Fair, he achieved an enormous success.

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THERE has lately been published a very elaborate book about the wealthy Duke of Chandos in whose service Handel was employed for a time at Cannous. I have not seen the volume myself, but from certain reviews I have read I should expect that there will be a good deal of information to be found in it about the great master and his doings while at Edge-ware. In this connection it is interesting to know that the organ upon which Handel played in the Duke's chapel is still in actual use, though, of course, considerably altered. When the palace was destroyed in 1747 the instrument was put up by auction and was sold for £117 12s. to the authorities of Trinity Church, Gosport, in whose keeping it has since remained. This fact is not generally known, and it is all the more worthy of note that tradition—we will leave the bogus brass plate out of account—has mistakenly connected Handel with the parish church of Whitchurch instead of with the Chandos Chapel. Might not the organist of Gosport give us an account of the present state of the instrument?

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THE Society of Authors, which has hitherto sought to protect only the literary tyro from the toils of the rapacious publisher, now offers to take the musician under its wings. Composers, it is asserted—by implication at least—are charged too much for the production of their songs, and the society wants to set matters right. Here is its estimate of producing five hundred copies of a song consisting of five pages, exclusive of cover :

|   | £ s. d.             |
|---|---------------------|
| Plate for cover ...   | 0 12 6              |
| Five plates, at 4s. 6d. per page                                | 1 2 6               |
| Printing, 5d. per 100 copies per plate;                         |                     |
| 2s. 1d. per 500 copies  | 0 10 5              |
| Printing 500 titles, 1s. per 100                                | 0 5 0               |
| Paper, two sheets of four pages; 1,000<br>sheets for 500 copies | 0 16 8              |
|   | <hr/> <b>£3 7 1</b> |

This, of course, is for "an ordinary song." A 12s. 6d. cover would admittedly be a very poor affair, printed only in black and white, and if you want colours you must add something like £5 to your costs. But, after all, the cheapening of the process of song-production is a doubtful benefit. We have far too many new songs as it is, and if the number is added to largely the insurance companies, in their own interests, will have to charge the reviewers double premiums.

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THE July number of *Chambers's Journal* has an interesting article on Mendelssohn's visit to Scotland with his friend Klingemann in 1829. The great master was then a young man of twenty, and we are not surprised to learn that the first thing he did when he arrived in Edinburgh was to climb Arthur's Seat. With the romance of Holyrood he was so charmed that he declared he had there found the beginning of his Scotch Symphony. The Highlands, however, he could not enjoy for the rain, and Klingemann was cruel enough to say that up there they brewed nothing but whisky and bad weather. Mendelssohn himself appears to have been on much better terms with the sea as a musician than as a man with a stomach. In getting to Staffa he became most unpoetically sea-sick, though we do not find that he has given us any "programme" music to describe the feeling.

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WHEN the Ettrick Shepherd went to the Opera, he wanted to know "what the de'il Costa meant by eternally wagging that stick." The

same question might have occurred to the mind of an intelligent savage under like circumstances, for I suspect the conductor is always regarded by the uninitiated as something of an ornamental figure. Mr. Sala has declared that he never yet saw a player who paid the slightest heed to the man with the wand, but then Mr. Sala is himself a *wag*. Hitherto it has been supposed that the conductor, like the poet, is born, not made; but now it seems (see advertisements, as they say) that you can be coached with "valuable hints" in return for a fee of two guineas. A young and aspiring musician threw away two guineas the other day, and it is understood that he now sleeps with the following directions under his pillow: "Take lessons in swimming and carpet-beating. Confine your attention to your toilet—to cuffs, collars, gloves, and back hair, and always bear in mind your cuffs and shirtfront cannot be too much displayed. Tap vigorously on the desk and give a prolonged 'Hush' in all soft passages. It draws the attention of the audience from the music to the conductor. At the conclusion of each piece wipe your forehead—whether it needs it or not. Scowl occasionally at the man with the double bass, and directly the drummer comes in with his part wave your left hand violently in his direction—it keeps down his vanity. If you wear long hair, throw it back by a graceful swing of the head, for it helps to remind the audience that all the merit is yours." After this, who shall say that the conductor cannot be made?

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I OBSERVE that my contemporary *The Church Musician* is very wroth and very sarcastic over the omission of musical honours from the Queen's birthday list. Two painters figure as the sole representatives of Art among a batch of "successful woollen merchants, advertising wine dealers and tobacconists, a crowd of newspaper men, a leading solicitor, and three medical men, with some smaller fry." Well, is it not true that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and like to advertise ourselves as such? English musicians as a matter of fact seem to be at a discount both at Windsor and Cambridge, but they are not likely to break their hearts about distinctions which even mustard makers can afford to disdain. Tradesmen come and lawyers go, but music goes on for ever.

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SOME of the American organists have been discussing the expediency of playing their recital programmes from memory. Mr. Clarence Eddy, the prince of New World players, is against the plan, maintaining that organists are heard at their best when they are unhampered by the mental strain of memorising. He mentions that all the noted organists of his time—Best, Guilmant, Dudley Buck, Merkel, and others—have used their "notes" in public even in playing their own compositions. Another writer, replying to Mr. Eddy, says that Guilmant has a wonderful memory, and can play at a moment's notice a host of pieces, while Mr. W. T. Best is said to have remarked that if he should suddenly lose his eyesight he could get along with his recitals just the same. However, as both these players do actually use notes in playing, they must consider it to their advantage, so that the testimony is still in favour of Mr. Eddy.

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"PADDYMANIA," or the more violent phase of the Paderewski craze in the States, has become so acute that the New York ladies have begun to embroider on their stockings certain musical phrases from the compositions of the Polish virtuoso. This will be a new temptation

to show off a pretty ankle, and Sir John Suckling's charming damsel whose feet stole in and out like mice beneath her petticoat as if they feared the light, will be heard of no more for ever. Seriously, where is this ridiculous Paderewski craze to end? I see, by the way, that the virtuoso wants his name pronounced Padereski, not Paderefski. It is as well to know.

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WHAT is to be done with the people who insist upon chattering, to the annoyance of their neighbours, while music is going on? Beethoven's plan was to stop the music when he found he was playing to "hogs," and Liszt adopted the same expedient. On one occasion, when the latter was playing before the late Emperor of Russia, he abruptly stopped on hearing the Czar talking. Noting the sudden general silence, the Emperor graciously requested the performer to continue; but Liszt left the instrument, made an elaborate bow, and, with cool and stinging wit, replied, "Sire, when the King speaks, all should remain silent." But this method could hardly be adopted by those who allow the public to pay their money and take their choice of talk or tone. One recalls the story of the lady who, when a rest came in the music after a fortissimo climax, was heard telling her friend that "we always fry ours in lard." The story is a chestnut, but it conveys a hint of what might be done to cover the concert-conversationalist with confusion.

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THE announcement has been made that we are shortly to have a couple of hitherto unpublished songs by Schumann. The MSS. have been in the hands of Herr Brahms, who has just sent them to the engraver, so that we shall not have long to wait. It is said that the melody of one of the songs is identical with the aria of the pianoforte Sonata in F sharp minor, while the tune of the other is in the Andantino of the Sonata in G minor. Both sonatas were sketched in 1833 and were finished in 1835, although a new finale was written to the G minor Sonata in 1838. Schumann himself is said to have characterised them as "dreary stuff," but the G minor Sonata at any rate is often heard at the Popular Concerts. Whether the sonata themes were taken from the songs, or whether—as is more probable—the songs were taken from the sonatas, does not appear to be known.

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MR. BECHSTEIN last year purchased the stables, Nos. 8, 9, and 10, Little Welbeck Street. They were in due course pulled down, and rebuilt as store-rooms for additional stock, the present extensive premises in Wigmore Street having been found inadequate for the increased trade. These new ware-rooms will afford space for about 400 pianos, and were built fire-proof from the design and plan of Mr. Colcutt.

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MADAME PATTI will never sing for less than £500. Madame Melba possibly will accept half this amount. Madame Calvé cannot be heard in one song for less than 200 guineas. No amount of money, it is said, can tempt Señor Sarasate to play in a drawing-room, nor does Paderewski care to accept private engagements now. But any of the operatic stars are open to offers, and as much as seven and eight hundred pounds can easily be paid away by a host or hostess to provide a concert for their friends, any one of whom can, by the expenditure of one guinea at the opera, listen to these same artistes singing through an entire evening.

I REPRINT the foregoing paragraph that I may inform my readers that it is mere nonsense. Many of the (so-called) great singers and players frequently perform for no fee at all, so glad are they to get the *entrée* to big houses.

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MADAME MELBA told an interviewer the other day that "The greater and the more distinguished the audience, the more stimulated and braced I feel," and that therefore she is never nervous when playing before "big guns." Asked if she practised, she replied: "Practise? I run up and down my scales for five or ten minutes—that is all the practising I do. But I am for ever studying. Sometimes I spend six or eight hours over the score of an opera. You know, we artists don't learn the music of our *rôles* by simply standing at the side of a piano, and singing this or that passage time after time. We learn the music silently, as it were, by reading and reading the score, and getting a vocal and intellectual grasp of it. How many operas do I know? Oh, I think some sixteen, and at the present time I am studying two more. You see, the artist has always new worlds to conquer. There is no standing still for us. Our career is no easy one, I can tell you. It is one of incessant hard work—work on the stage and in the study." She went on: "I must have given myself to music with enthusiasm, for when I was ten, as I have told you, I could play the violin, the organ, and the piano, all of them very well I am told, and I used to appear at charitable performances. . . . Really I made my first success as a singer here in London. I had come over here with my father, who had been appointed one of the Victorian Commissioners to the Colonial Exhibition, and one night, as an amateur, I sang at the Freemasons' Hall. My voice was talked about, and then I went to Paris, studied under Marchesi, made my operatic *début* as Gilda in the *Monnaie* at Brussels, and—me voici."

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ANOTHER "celebrity" who has recently sustained a visitation of the interviewer is Mascagni. Asked to try to speak English, this was his attempt: "Très-bien, smo-ak a pipe—et que dites-vous? Coal a cap!—Coal a cap! Oui, oui!" Again the interviewer asked: "And now, signor, you will shortly be returning to Italy, and your friends will ask you what you think of London and Londoners, and what has struck you most in England. What will you say?" The composer was plunged into deep thought. "Well," he replied slowly, "the dearness of everything. Money doesn't go half so far here as in Italy."

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MASCAGNI found the musical taste of the English better than he expected. But then he has been successful here. Scores of intelligent young foreign paupers try their luck here every year, and not succeeding, go abroad with a very different tale to Mascagni's. The interviewer was much struck by the personality and person of the young Italian: "No long-haired mediocrity was this man, no delicate and febrile Chopin. From his physique, with the rounded, muscular neck, set upon the compact but powerful torso, he might have been a professional footballer; and every now and then a look of boyish good-nature overspread his countenance, to be dissipated again by the display of the deeper virile force of will and intellect within. The whole cast of the face shows energy and force rather than poetic sensibility. With the short nose, the firm grip of the lips as they closed after speaking, the powerful jaw, the shaven countenance, the solid forehead, not too

high, surmounted by thick, black hair, Mascagni recalls the busts and medallions of the race of Roman Emperors. His eyes are positively green, with an expression hard, not from unkindness, but from the directness and energy of his thoughts, and a peculiar look, elusive, perpetually, as though he were glancing at something not visible to anyone else." And again: "His complexion is olive, and with the darkish rings round his eyes—somewhat 'tired,' as the French would express it: and even when he confessed to having written 'little pieces of poetry,' in addition to other matters, for the Italian journals, the slight blush which I thought I observed hardly enlivened the surface. His countenance is remarkable. It is wonderfully expressive without being mobile, and he is interesting—when he becomes even more famous we will say 'magnetic'—without effort or desire of effect."

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RICHTER is said to have been the hero of a recent strange experience. Stepping into a hansom the other day, he sat down on what turned out to be a purse well stocked with gold and silver German coins, and having in it the card of the owner, with an address in Germany. Next day, being in the City, he met a friend who was accompanied by a German gentleman, a stranger to the famous conductor, and, mentioning the strange find to his friend, he was at once informed that the unknown gentleman was Herr —. The missing purse was handed to its lawful possessor at the German Club.

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ONE regrets to learn that Mr. E. Goossens, the talented musical director of the Carl Rosa Company, who has for many years been mainly instrumental in keeping the performances at the high level of excellence which has made the company so popular, has severed his connection with the organisation. The cause has not transpired, but it is probably connected with the efforts of the directors to cut down expenses, the dividends having of late been somewhat unsatisfactory. Mr. Hamilton Clarke has been appointed to take the place of Mr. Goossens. Mr. Clarke has long been known as a composer of incidental music for the drama, and his theatrical experience is considerable.

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MOST of us have heard of the tailor who preferred his men to whistle "La Marseillaise" rather than "Auld Lang Syne," because the spirited French tune made the stitches go faster. Now we have the landlord of a certain restaurant where music is provided for the delight of customers making a study of the effect of different composers on the appetite. "On Wagnerian evenings," he says, "I supply five times as much lager beer as usual. When Mendelssohn is performed there is no demand for ham sandwiches. Strauss is the composer who makes the wine flow. Directly a Strauss waltz is played champagne is ordered largely." This is very interesting, but a Scotchman who looks over my shoulder as I write says that the best composer he wots of for a thirsty man is Meyer-beer! The Scot, remember, says "mair" for "more."

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THE multitudes who have crowded the Albert and St. James's Halls to listen to Madame Antoinette Sterling in "The Lost Chord," "The Better Land," "The Three Fishers," and other standard songs, will regret to hear of her sad bereavement by the death of her husband. Mr. John Mackinley was almost as capable an instrumentalist as his wife is a vocalist. He was, I believe, an American by birth, and was married

to the celebrated contralto at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, some seventeen years ago. I also learn with regret of the death of Mr. Broadwood, senior, a late partner in the famous firm of pianoforte makers.

## A German Society for the Propagation of English Music.

**T**HIS is the object of the Sterndale Bennett Society, commenced in Leipzig a few months ago. As readers know, many English students study there when they might do better at home. However, there is no law to prevent them going abroad and coming back with a profound and sublime contempt for everything "merely English, don't you know." And while they are abroad it is well that they should usefully occupy themselves by pressing the claims of English music. But whether a Sterndale Bennett Society will achieve its end seems to me somewhat more than questionable—unless it tries some better way in the future than it has in the past. One way by which the society hopes to popularise English music is the giving of concerts of English music, sung by English singers, or played by English players. Quite English, you know! That is very well. But can it be thought for a moment that the following programme represents English music?

Trio in A for Violin, Piano, and Cello

Sterndale Bennett.

Songs:

a. "Let me dream again" ... Sullivan.

b. "Absent yet present" ... Maud V. White.

Pianoforte Solos:

a. Musical Sketch, "The Lake" Sterndale Bennett.

b. Nocturne in A ... J. Field.

Song ... "The Lost Chord" ... Sullivan.

Sonata in G for Piano and Violin Hutcheson.

Why, Sterndale Bennett and Field were German to the backbone. At least, if they were English, then there is no need for this society, for the universally accepted Handel was English. Who (Mr.) Hutcheson is I have not the pleasure of knowing. But I recommend the society to look up the English composers of the present day, and drop Field and Bennett. The programme given above was played on May 26. A Professor Quasdorff has written an amusing criticism of the performance. He says:

"The Trio, consisting of three movements, has a fresh and healthy tone, and is noteworthy on account of the fresh and healthy tone pervading it throughout; and in spite of its shortness, produces a most agreeable impression on the hearer. The second movement (Serenade, Andante ma un poco Scherzando), and the Finale (Allegro fermo), specially engaged the attention of the audience. The performance, which was most praiseworthy throughout, was in the hands of Miss Jessie Middleton (Pianoforte), Mr. E. Jenkinson (Violin), and Mr. T. Jackson ('Cello)."

The amusing grammatical construction may be forgiven, but surely Professor What's-his-Name exposes himself to ridicule by speaking so patronisingly of a man of Sterndale Bennett's undoubtedly calibre.

However, I have no desire to damp the ardour of my Leipzig friends. By performing the best English music in the best way possible—not necessarily leaving it entirely to English artists—they may show the "musical German" that we also are trying to do something in music. One part of their work has my sympathy. They propose to assist and advise "English persons contemplating the study of music in Leipzig." I cannot guess what form the assistance will take, but I hope the advice will be *Puck's* to those about to marry—"Don't!"

## Sonnet.

MOZART.

(DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION,  
TO SIGNOR CARLO ALFREDO PIATTI.)

—: o: —

Mozart, possessor of the sweetest voice  
That sings in language of the Art Divine,  
Deliciousness of stout Falernian wine  
That made the soul of Horace to rejoice  
Thy strains resemble. They are like the streams  
That flow through fairy haunts with serpentine  
Pellucidness, where graceful boughs entwine,  
Illuminated by the magic beams  
Of Summer sun. Or with bewitching grace  
Of budding virgin do thy accents thrill.  
The voice of nightingale when life is still,  
And Nature with her mantle hides her face,  
Or anything most beautiful and sweet  
To illustrate thy loveliness is meet.

C. H. MITCHELL.

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## The Jag End of the Concert Season.

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**F**OR ten mortal weeks a continuous and destructive fire of tickets and programmes has been directed at the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC office. Every day of that awful ten weeks have I been compelled to put on my hat, fill my ears with cotton-wool and my pockets with the tickets for that day's performances, and wearily go forth to meet my fate. For if inside the office is dangerous by reason of that deadly firing, outside is still more dangerous. On every side are veritable man and woman traps. Perhaps the afternoon is not too sunny and a fresh breeze blows. You go along, not happy, but with a sad contentment in your heart. Suddenly, before your intellect has grasped why, a shudder runs through your frame; and presently you note on a poster at some hall door that "Madame Lyrica begs to announce her grand morning concert at 3 p.m." on the very day you see the announcement. You had forgotten the affair altogether, but with a sigh fumble in your pocket until the ticket is found. Then you enter and (to speak as doth the wicked betting-man) it is a hundred to one bar none that the concert is a most miserable concern, which you are glad to escape from in ten minutes' time. If Solomon lived in these days he would have been a musical critic—for musical-critics are the wisest of mankind—and the well-known *mot* would run: "of the giving of many concerts there is—during the season—no end." All epigrams, even Solomon's, fall short of the whole truth: this one, too, would not be wholly true. For now the deadly fire begins to slacken. Every day one of the assailants packs up his or her weapons and makes for the country, or abroad, or the back-parlour. The season is dying, and no musical critic will regret it. At the late rate of things either the musical critic or the season must die: the former once dead can never come back again, the latter, alas! is immortal—a sort of phoenix which springs up gloriously renewed from the ashes of its predecessor. The season then, is dying; once dead a tired critic can lay his head upon his pillow and sweetly slumber, wishing in his heart that

he was made like a dormouse or bat, or one of those creatures that hang themselves up by their tails for a three or six months' sleep. The season is dying, but is not yet quite dead. These, however, are its last concerts—the dregs so to speak. Not that I would hint that they are inferior to any that have taken place before. But they are the last, and it is surely permitted to a tired and worried critic to use a nasty word when an opportunity offers.

## LEFT OVER.

First, however, must be noted a few concerts that took place too late to be noticed in last month's issue. On June 22nd Mr. Albert P. Bach gave a vocal recital, principally devoted to the late Carl Loewe's ballads. I have previously remarked on the excessive unwise of drawing a whole programme, especially if it be a lengthy one, from one composer's works. Mr. Bach's programme was not lengthy. Neither was it wholly drawn from Loewe's compositions. But out of twelve songs eight were his—and that is a trifle too large a proportion. However, Mr. Bach did his best to make things "go" by singing well. He deserves all credit, too, for his endeavours to popularise a really fine form of art. Loewe's ballads are simply highly developed folk-songs, and differ therefore from the songs of Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, which grew out of the operatic aria. Loewe attempted a new thing, and thought out the best way to do it. And but for the fact that his gifts, though great, were not of the highest musical order, there is no doubt he would stand amongst the gods of music.

The next evening brought another song recital, Mrs. Henschel's, at St. James's Hall. Of course Mrs. Henschel was not the only attraction. She brought with her her husband and her husband's choir, and a number of solo singers for the quartet in Schubert's setting of the ninety-second psalm. Mr. Henschel's choir first sang with great delicacy and absolutely no appreciation of the old English flavour, Wilby's "Adieu, sweet Amaryllis." Wilby lived just about three centuries ago, and I imagine his ghost would turn pale had it heard Mr. Henschel's nineteenth-century rendering of his music. The same criticism must be made with regard to Pearsall's "I saw lovely Phyllis"—another part-song. Of course, compared with Wilby, Dr. Pearsall is quite a modern—he died only forty years since. But his music, if it is anything, is old-fashioned to the little backbone it possesses. Take away the old-fashioned charm and you take away anything there is worth listening to in such music. Mrs. Henschel sang old English, old Scottish, old Irish and new Irish, and old Welsh songs—and was most successful in Dr. Villiers Stanford's "Little red lark." But such folk-songs as "Ye banks and braes," "The Glen of Kenmare," and "All through the night," were a failure. Schubert's psalm is not a particularly healthy specimen of his work. Only occasionally does one hear the man's true voice; the greater part of the work seems to have been written to order, and for no other reason than that it was ordered. One of the "new" things of the evening was Mr. Henschel's setting for chorus of Herrick's verse to Music. Here are the words:

Music, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,  
That strik'st a stillness into hell,  
Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,  
With thy soul-melting lullabies;  
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming  
spheres,

To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

Some parts are rather fine music. But there is

too much word-painting, which more than once produces somewhat disastrous results. Laughter is all very well, but out of place surely in a work of this sort. And one felt strongly impelled to laughter to hear the chorus shouting "strik'st" and whispering "stillness" for some length of time, and at last hurriedly getting over the naughty word at the end of the second line as quickly as possible. Again, Mr. Henschel concludes his chorus with an effect which might be fine if it were not ludicrous. One voice after another comes in *pianissimo* with the first syllable of the word "music." So one hears "mu, mu, mu." At least that is how it should be spelt. But it sounds: "mew, mew, mew."

Mr. Schönberger gave one of the most interesting pianoforte recitals of the season on the afternoon of June 27. He played amongst other things Beethoven's Fantasia-sonata in E flat, the first of the "Forty-eight" preludes and fugues, and a Liszt rhapsody. I need not stay to criticise. If Paderewski had not appeared Schönberger would undoubtedly occupy the first place amongst contemporary pianists. Undoubtedly Essipoff is a greater piano-smasher. But Schönberger is the greater artist. Whatever he plays he interprets. He always gives you some meaning. He is erratic and uncertain, and the meaning is not always the same; but there always is a meaning, always a genuine emotion expressed, and it is always beautiful. His touch is marvellous. Not even Paderewski sucks sweeter and richer tones from his instrument; and in such things as a Weber sonata, a Schubert impromptu, a Mendelssohn scherzo, Schönberger is supreme, and tops even his Polish rival. While Schönberger was playing in St. James's Hall, Miss Mabel Elliot and Miss Olga Racster gave an orchestral concert in Princes' Hall. It was fairly well attended. Miss Racster will probably achieve something as a violinist. About Miss Elliot I cannot speak as I didn't hear her. On the same afternoon Miss Janotta was giving a drawing-room concert at 56, Lancaster Gate. I understand it was very successful. Miss Isabel Hirschfeld's concert, miscalled a piano recital, came off on June 28. Mr. Sauter was the not too pleasing violinist, Mr. Bernard Lane the vocalist. Miss Hirschfeld's solo numbers were very prettily played.

Steinway Hall is not very large, and is, therefore, beloved of the foreign host who give concerts to advertise themselves, without much prospect or hope of an audience. But Mr. Gallrein might have safely ventured upon a much larger room for his concert on Thursday evening, June 29. Every seat was full. The programme was immensely interesting; it included Beethoven's Trio for pianoforte, violin, and 'cello, played by Messrs. Schönberger, Wolff, and Gallrein; a sonata for 'cello by Corelli, and songs by Grieg and Lawrence Kellie. Mr. Bispham was to sing, but unfortunately did not manage to turn up. However, Miss Janson compensated to some extent; and after Schönberger had played some Chopin numbers delightfully, Lawrence Kellie sang a charming song of his own, "The City of Night," in a way that brought tears to the eyes of most musical people present. The Beethoven trio was really finely given, and Mr. Gallrein showed himself a violoncello player of more than average ability.

The only point to notice about Signorina Estréla Belipante's concert on June 30th is that Mascagni appeared to accompany some of his own songs.

## MISCELLANEOUS JULY CONCERTS.

July opened brilliantly. Patti sang at the Albert Hall, there were some three doses

smaller concerts, and an "Ode to Labour" was performed at the opening of the National Workmen's Exhibition at Islington. The Albert Hall was fairly well filled for Patti, and if Messrs. Harrison did not get their money back it is a circumstance that can only be regretted. Of course, Patti was not the only attraction, though she was the main one. Amy Sherwin, Patey, Alice Gomez, Norman Salmond, Fanny Davies, Jean Gérard, and Edwin H. Lemare were all among the "draws." The artists' fees must have come to a pretty figure. Mr. Lemare opened the proceedings in a sufficiently dignified manner with a neat rendering of the overture to "Der Freischütz" on the organ; then Madame Amy Sherwin sang a Gounod song, and Mr. Norman Salmond followed with another. After a little interlude by the Meister Glee Singers—who always amuse me, chiefly when they mean to be serious—the heroine of the occasion came on, and grappled with Rossini's "Una voce poco fa." I take for granted that Madame Patti must at one time have been a great singer—so many people tell me so who are incapable of forming a reliable judgment on any musical matter whatever. Is she a great singer now? Judged by the standard of to-day she is not. To be a great singer one needs a great voice, a masterly technique, a mind capable of forming great conceptions. Madame Patti's voice is not, whatever it was, a great voice. When she takes a note—even in her most satisfactory register, the middle—one is not struck with sensuous beauty of tone as in the case of Albani. As to technique, it can only be said that Madame Patti is average in that respect. As regards artistic conception, Madame Patti did not sing any great piece of music, and so was not tested that way. It seems to me that we should apply some rational mode of judgment to these heroes and heroines of the last generation. Most of us are too apt on the one hand to worship them on hearsay, or on the other to condemn them merely because they are old-fashioned, and prefer Donizetti to Wagner. I must admit—much against my will—that however great in voice and technique the older singers were, as artists they were below the average of to-day. But we must remember that Wagnerian influence has of late immensely raised the standard of artistic morality—I mean the standard as to what is right and wrong, good and bad, in art.

Naturally I went to hear such a curiosity as an "Ode to Labour." The words were said to be by Bellamy, and I took him to be the pious inventor of "Looking Backward." But the music was by S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. Oxon., and who this was was hard to guess. One Dr. Wesley I knew, "Old Sam," but Bellamy wasn't breeched when he died. At last I solved the puzzle. I found this Bellamy was not our Bellamy at all, but a gentleman who flourished and wrote odes on the Labour question thirty or forty years ago. "Old Sam" got hold of one of these, and set it for the opening of one of the many exhibitions of the '50-'60 time. He did not produce a great work, but one which is immensely interesting to the present generation:

All honour to the working man,  
Who worketh "with his might;"  
In patience and in honesty,  
At what he knows is right.  
  
Whose life, though pass'd in poverty,  
Will bear the light of day,  
Nor fears his "works" should "follow" him,  
Die when or where he may.

It is worth living, worth at any rate going to Islington, to hear verses like these gravely treated fugally, canonically, with double coun-

terpoint, and the rest of it. I need only mention that Mr. Glenn Wesley, a brother of "Old Sam," had got together a good though "scratch" choir for the performance, that he conducted satisfactorily—especially during the solos, when there was no one to conduct, for the accompaniments were played by Mr. Hoyte on the organ—and that the soloists did what they could with such words and such music.

At least four concerts were given on Monday, July 3. Mr. Ernst Denhof played the piano in the Erard recital room—not very satisfactorily. His programme was decidedly better than his rendering of it. It included Beethoven's Andante in F, Weber's Sonata in A flat, and the inevitable Liszt arrangement. Mr. Denhof's playing of these was eminently schoolboyish. Miss Carlotta Desvignes' "Grand Morning Concert" in the Prince of Wales's Club, Coventry Street, was more pleasing. Joseph Hollman played a couple of 'cello pieces in his incomparably noble style; and Hirwen Jones, Otta Brony, Herbert Grover, and the concert-giver sang more or less interesting songs in a manner more or less interesting. Madame Invernì was busy at the same time in St. James's Hall. She had secured the help of Miss Macintyre, Mr. de Lara, Mr. Slivinski, and others, and arranged a good programme. Mr. Slivinski seemed not in particularly good form; Miss Macintyre was encored for her song from "Cavalleria"; and Madame Invernì and Mr. de Lara sang a cycle of songs by the "eminent composer, Guy L'hadelot," of whom I have never heard before. Anyhow, this cycle was "thin" enough, and I admire the pluck of the talented couple who stood up to sing it.

The Misses Greenhill arranged an interesting concert on July 5. On the same afternoon Mr. de Vere Barrow played in Princes' Hall. One hardly knows what to say about such an exhibition, except that Mr. Barrow is a very mediocre player indeed, who should not attempt Chopin or Liszt (at any rate in public) until he has studied under some really good master. I can only record that Miss Marie de Lido's concert at the Prince of Wales's Club, on July 10, was rather a disappointment, as Mr. Hollman did not come to play the 'cello as announced. Mr. Duloup, Miss de Lido, and the rest did their best to make up for his absence, but neither the programme nor the performance calls for special remark.

#### SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S OPERATIC CONCERTS.

Of this series there have been seven. Some, I believe, have already been noticed; I only propose to notice here the last three, which were orchestral. Sir Augustus, we all know, has many strong points, and none stronger than the art of preparing surprises. Some of his concerts have been like a series of galvanic shocks, so fast did one surprise follow on another's heels. First of all, on entering St. James's Hall on June 29, we found a band there, which had not been announced. Then Mr. Nachez was down on the programme to "play" the first movement of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D, and (a great surprise this) he did "play" it. Of the remaining artists a good many stayed away, whilst those who came sang songs or played pieces not in the programme. Some excitement was caused by one song, the refrain of which was (to quote the book of words) "Fly away for aye," but after all the person who was to sing it did not come. Plançon and the two Ravoglis sang splendidly.

On July 7 (this Thursday concert occurred on a Friday) the programme was the result of a pious endeavour to attract the public by popular pieces. A few genuine pieces of art

were included; I may mention Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" overture and Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht" song. The rest was poor stuff enough. Miss Marie Brema sang a Hungarian song, "My Brown Boy's hiding away," arranged by Mr. F. Kirby. Mr. Wiegand vocalised "Das Herz am Rhein" satisfactorily. Mr. Alvarez shouted "Quand Poiseau chante," by Tagliafico. He is undoubtedly a fine singer, but much too loud a one. He is generally described as of the Grand Opera, Paris, and sings as though he were there at the moment, and endeavouring to make himself heard across the Channel. The orchestra was decidedly poor. After Mancinelli had conducted the Liszt rhapsody, which Mr. Emil Bach played, he came amongst the audience and talked so loudly that Miss Meisslinger had no chance whatever in a Meyerbeer Aria. Mr. Bach's rendering of the Liszt rhapsody was decidedly tentative, not to say schoolboyish. Madame Moran-Olden sang finely in the Schumann song mentioned, and Giulia Ravogli's voice was as divine as ever in Meyerbeer's "Fanciulle che il core." Miss Palliser's name was on the programme, but she never appeared.

The last concert of the series is in every way the best and most interesting. The programme was chiefly drawn from Wagner, as will be seen:

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Prelude to "Lohengrin" ...                                    | Wagner.      |
| { a. Musical Poem, "Schmerzen" ...                            | Wagner.      |
| { b. Berceuse, "Schlaf ein, holdes Kind" ...                  | Wagner.      |
| Miss Aldridge.  |              |
| "Pogner's Andrede" ("Die Meistersinger")                      | Wagner.      |
| Herr H. Wiegand.  |              |
| Pianoforte solos { a. "Lisonjera" ...                         | Chaminade.   |
| { b. "Mazurka" ...  | Leschetizky. |
| Mr. Edgar Hulland.  |              |
| Canzone "Mia Sposa sarà la mia Bandiera" A. Rotoli.           |              |
| Signor Filippi.   |              |
| Prayer ... "Tannhäuser" ...                                   | Wagner.      |
| Mdlle. Alva.  |              |
| Prelude to Act III., "Lohengrin" ...                          | Wagner.      |
| Love duet ... "Lohengrin" ...                                 | Wagner.      |
| Fran Reuss-Belce and Herr Max Alvary.                         |              |
| Lied ... "Träume" ...   | Wagner.      |
| Miss Marie Brema.   |              |
| Duet, Act III. ... "Lohengrin" ...                            | Wagner.      |
| Madame Vasquez and Miss Marie Brema.                          |              |
| Pianoforte solo "Spinnerlied" ("Der Fliegende Holländer") ... | Wagner—List. |
| Miss Muriel Elliot.   |              |
| Charfreitags-zauber ("Parsifal") ...                          | Wagner.      |
| Mr. David Bispham.  |              |
| Arie ... "Adriano" ("Rienzi") ...                             | Wagner.      |
| Miss Meisslinger.   |              |
| Walkürenritt ...  | Wagner.      |

The orchestra was thoroughly good. Instead of Mancinelli, Steinbach, a moderately efficient musician, conducted. The "Lohengrin" prelude was better rendered than I have heard it for a long time. Miss Aldridge was not good in Wagner's two early songs, and Mr. Wiegand was a trifle heavy and vociferous for Pogner. But Mr. Edgar Hulland made a distinctly favourable impression in his pianoforte solos, the prelude to Act III. of "Lohengrin" "went" with a tremendous energy that secured it an encore, and Madame Reuss-Belce and Max Alvary were both magnificent in the love-duet. Only a portion of this was down in the book of words, and there seemed to be some small and incidental discussion as to where to stop. Steinbach solved the difficulty by going on to the finish, and if the strain on the singers was rather more than they had anticipated, I am sure they must have felt rewarded when they heard the uproariously enthusiastic applause at the finish. Miss Marie Brema gave a wonderfully passionate rendering of Wagner's "Träume," and then, with Madame Vasquez, sang part of the second act of "Lohengrin" most artistically. Mr. Bispham did his best in the "Good Friday music" from "Parsifal"; but unfortunately some mistake had occurred about the band parts, and there was no orchestra

to support his fine voice. By the time this point was reached it was after five o'clock, and I, with a large portion of the audience, had to leave.

Sir Augustus Harris may draw a useful moral from the success of his last concert. Let him engage a good orchestra for the whole season, prevent his singers breaking their engagements, compel them to sing or play what is in the programme, and in every case have that programme of the highest class, and he will get a solid result in hard cash. I venture to predict that St. James's Hall would be crowded at every concert.

#### THE RICHTER CONCERTS.

Richter has disappeared for another year and we can sum up the net artistic result, whilst Mr. Vert is summing up the net financial result, of the season. Before doing so let me describe the later concerts. Last month I noticed the first three of the series of six. At the fourth, on June 26, the programme was :

Overture ... "Egmont" ... Beethoven.  
Aria from "Hans Heiling" ... Marschner.  
Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 3, in A flat ... Dvorak.  
First Scene from Act III. of "Siegfried" Wagner.  
Symphony, No. 7, in A ... Beethoven.

The gloriously heroic "Egmont" overture has been played better; the Aria from "Hans Heiling" is a rather pretty disjointed piece of work, neatly sung by Mr. Oudin; the Dvorak rhapsody is one of those tiresome things of which the British public is heartily sick. The Wagner scena, however, was perfectly interpreted by Miss Agnes Janson and Mr. Oudin; and the symphony was well played by the band. The slow movement was not what Richter can do in a slow movement.

The next concert was better in programme and rendering. Berlioz's overture to "King Lear" had been announced as the first item, but on entering the hall I was somewhat surprised to hear the more familiar strains of the Funeral March from the "Götterdämmerung." This was played (and played magnificently), it appears, "as a tribute to the memory of those who went down with our ill-fated *Victoria*," and may be regarded (by the stony-hearted) as one of those goods which are said to spring out of evil. The Berlioz overture, though interesting in parts, cannot be called a great work. It lacks—well, in a word it lacks greatness of any sort. The themes have little character, the noisy ones no real sinewy strength, the soft ones no beauty; and these are lacks for which no amount of clever instrumental effects and legerdemain feats with the drums will compensate. After a song by Cornelius and an early overture by Schubert—neither of particular interest—the Walküre ride was given with a vigour and excitement that fairly brought down the house. Then followed the big love-duet from the first act of "Die Walküre," and I need only mention that it was splendidly played by the orchestra and sung by Miss Macintyre and Mr. Ben Davies.

Determined (it would seem) to leave a good and not a bad taste in our mouths, Richter arranged a really first-rate programme for his last concert.

Overture ... "Tannhäuser" ... Wagner.  
"Elizabeth's Greeting," from Act II. of "Tannhäuser" ... Wagner.  
"Pogner's Address," from Act I. of "Die Meistersinger" ... Wagner.  
"Gewitterzauber und Einzug der Götter in Walhall," from "Das Rheingold" Wagner.  
Ninth Symphony (choral) ... Beethoven.

And not only was the programme first-rate: the playing of it was nearly perfect. A crammed house demanded an encore for the best rendering of the "Tannhäuser" overture I remember; but Richter very wisely declined it. Amy Sherwin was flat in "Elizabeth's Greeting;" and

Mr. Black sang "Pogner's Address" well. The "Rheingold" music was given with realistic thunder and lightning effects from the orchestra. The first movement of the Choral Symphony was finely given, and the second also; the slow movement was too heavy—the inspiration did not come off, and the last was as good as one can expect under the circumstances. An ideal performance will only be heard when Mr. Vert engages the Leeds choir for the choruses, and four angels for the solo parts. On July 10 there was no Leeds choir, and no angels. In the absence of the latter Amy Sherwin, Agnes Janson, Edwin Wareham, and Andrew Black did what was in them; and that, in the case of the second and last, was worth hearing.

So ended not a notable, but at any rate an interesting season. In totalling up the artistic result, we see at once that new works do not figure largely, whilst those that have been produced are of no great merit. No new Wagner selections have been played, nor have the stores of Bach, Handel, Mozart, and others of the older masters been drawn upon. On the other hand, everything has been played well. There is as yet no sign of any decadence in Richter. If he conducts as well next year, gives us a few interesting "novelties," including Bach and Mozart; moreover, if he makes his season nine instead of six weeks, his concerts may again become what they were in the past—history-making.

I do not propose to criticise in detail the whole German series. In fact, the only performances demanding such treatment are "Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger."

The first was produced on June 28. The conductor was Mr. Steinbach, whom I had not previously heard of. But he turned out to be fairly good. Madame Moran-Olden was Isolde; Miss Palliser, Brangäne; Mr. Alvary, Tristan; Mr. Wiegand, King Marke; and Mr. Bispham, Kurvenal. The whole performance was depressing. Neither in face nor figure is Madame Moran-Olden suited to the part. Of course I know that one of the difficulties of the operatic singer's art—especially as regards women—is that that art is rarely acquired before the artist has grown too old to take the part she has studied. While she looks it she is unable to sing it, when she can sing it she never looks it. In the first part of the third act, Alvary acted and sang magnificently, giving the best rendering of the part of Tristan that I remember. Bispham, of course, as Kurvenal, had not so much to do, but what he did was done faultlessly. Miss Palliser was a finished Brangäna. The orchestra, I must admit, was not so bad as the first bars of the prelude threatened. If "Tristan" were played half a dozen times, I have no doubt it would do well. The mounting and stage-management were good.

Enthusiasm was the order of the night when "Die Meistersinger" was sung on Wednesday, July 12.

The audience was enthusiastic and clapped and stamped energetically because the proceedings were a quarter of an hour late in commencing—which was a mere nothing. The conductor, Mancinelli, was enthusiastic, and took the overture at a pace that would have made Wagner's ghost turn pale; he fairly ran it in, so to speak. The soloists were enthusiastic, the chorus enthusiastic, the orchestral players enthusiastic—and of them chiefly the drummer. When he was ready, Mancinelli commenced, and for the rest of the evening his blows fell like the blows of fate. He was the cynosure of all eyes, and the terror of all ears. However, as some of my readers may remember, there is little drum in some portions of the score, and at those portions it was possible to pay some attention to the music. Madame Albani was a good Eva, singing and acting the part with enthusiasm and skill. Mr. Bispham's Beckmesser was capital. Wagner meant Beckmesser to be funny, and Mr. Bispham makes him funny. I don't mean to say I regard Mr. Bispham's interpretation of the part as perfect yet. That would be impossible at a first performance. But I venture to say that before the rising baritone has sung in the opera three or four times more he will be regarded as the Beckmesser, just as he is now the Kurvenal in "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Wiegand's voice is just a big and heavy one, and of such an aggressive quality that surprise is one's first emotion when he commences with Pogner's music. When that feeling wears off it is seen that he acts and sings the part very well indeed. Jean de Reszke's Walter was a fine, dignified conception, artistically realised. The prize song was, in a word, nobly sung. I must not forget the Hans Sachs of Lasalle. The cobbler's song in the second act was humorous, and the address in the last (though rather cruelly cut), fervent enough to please the most exacting.

German humour is not a thing to be lightly spoken of, or enjoyed without proper preparation. When you go to "Die Meistersinger" you must have made up your mind that you are going to laugh at David's nonsense in the first act, at the cobbler hammering on his last to prevent Beckmesser being heard, at David thrashing Beckmesser, at Sachs kicking David

## German Opera at Covent Garden.

*C*OMPARED with the elaborately cooked and well-served dishes which Sir Augustus Harris set before us last year, this year's German season is the merest cold cabbage. In place of a really great conductor we have had mediocrities; in place of the really good Hamburg orchestra we have had—well, an orchestra not really good. The principals—or many of them—are the same as last year; and the scenery, dresses, etc., are neither better nor worse. But whilst last year the whole of the Nibelungen Cycle was performed, this year we have only "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried." "Die Meistersinger" was given in Italian. And as for putting down "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" for special German nights, the thing is too ridiculous. The German series is subscribed for, I understand, that operas not otherwise producible may be produced without risk to the management of the theatre. Amongst such operas "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" cannot be classed. They should be performed on the ordinary nights. Performed passably well they will always draw full houses and leave the German nights for "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger" and the complete Ring. I am aware that Sir Augustus defends the line he has taken by saying neither press nor public supported him last year. But the public did support him. Covent Garden was full every Wednesday night. The "over-flow" performances at Drury Lane were more than fairly well attended. As for the press, Sir Augustus can afford to disregard it. A certain portion is in his favour already, and every enterprising man trying to do a new thing has to fight and overcome some of the journalists. No one knows better how to overcome them than Sir Augustus. Let him secure a good conductor, good orchestra, first-rate mise-en-scène, and he will gain the support of all the influential journals, including the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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into the house, at the pouring of water on a crowd's head, at the watchman's blast on his horn, and so on. Personally, I find it rather difficult to laugh at this sort of thing. Your regular Wagnerian can easily manage it; he knows there is a joke at bar *a* of page *b*, and he laughs (on principle) when he arrives at that point. The average English audience does not possess this regard for principle, and laughter or even smiling is, as a rule, scarce enough when "Die Meistersinger" is sung. But at the performance I am writing about, the performers were determined to make us laugh, and by the introduction of a good deal of pantomime work and a touch of "Punch and Judy," they succeeded. Beckmesser's thrashing was most realistic, and David received his kick with the grace of a harlequin.

P.S.—I have only space to record a magnificent rendering of "Siegfried." Orchestra was splendid, scenery and stage-management superb, Alvary, Bispham, Lieban, and all in their best form. Nothing but superlative adjectives in place. A full account will be given next month.

## The Royal College of Music, Manchester.

THE chief topic of conversation just now in the circles where musicians and music-lovers in Manchester most do congregate is the new Royal College, as we are now permitted to designate it. It is, therefore, only natural that readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC who have not the good fortune, or otherwise, of living in or near Cottonopolis, should have an opportunity of understanding how this grand scheme has so successfully been carried forward to its present position.

The credit of the first step belongs to Sir Charles Hallé, who on the 28th of November, 1891, wrote to a large number of his Manchester friends, inviting them to a meeting in the Mayor's parlour.

The result of Sir Charles's invitation was a large meeting held under the presidency of Sir William Houldsworth, Bart., M.P. Sir Charles wanted a committee to take over his concerts, but instead a college of music was decided upon. There being no college of the kind out of London, Manchester was very naturally thought to be a most desirable centre, not only because of its undoubtedly advanced musical tastes, but of having as permanent residents some of the very best musicians known to the world. Another matter which weighed greatly in favour of such an institution in Cottonopolis, was the number of wealthy citizens, who are always ready to help forward a good cause. The outcome of the first meeting was the selection of a strong committee.

Then came the question of endowment, as no college of this kind could reasonably be expected to be at once self-supporting. It was thought that if a guarantee fund could be raised of £2,000 per annum for five years, and also a fund extending over a series of years, the promoters would then be able to form an idea as to how far success would attend their efforts.

The executive committee entered heartily upon the work they had undertaken. They enlisted the efforts of upwards of thirty mayors in the North of England, and meetings were held in the various towns, when the scheme was

fully explained. The result of a few months' work was that the amount originally arrived at was reached, and in addition a guarantee fund of £2,000 for five years was promised.

Then came the question of a suitable building. Here, again, the generosity of a gentleman well known to the committee, but who does not wish his name published, relieved the executive of a very large item of expense. This gentleman offered for their acceptance a building, well situated, commodious, and in every sense suitable. The offer was, of course, accepted, and the fact made public at a meeting held under the presidency of the Mayor, in the Town Hall, on Monday, February 27, this year. At this meeting surprise and pleasure was expressed that the scheme, which was only practically launched last year, had met with such cordial and almost unanimous support.

The few necessary internal alterations were put in hand, and meanwhile the constitution was framed, and it was decided to apply to the Privy Council for a Royal Charter, but this matter was in abeyance at the time this article was written.

It was decided that professors of singing, and of every instrument, should be engaged, and that they should be of the highest obtainable rank. Madam Sherrington and Mr. Andrew Black were secured to take charge of the singing; Sir Charles Hallé and Mr. Frederick Dawson that of the piano; Mr. Willy Hess the violin; Mr. De Jong the flute; Mr. Paersch the horn and trumpet; Mr. J. Kendrick Pyne the organ, together with quite a host of other thoroughly efficient and well-known professors.

Just about the time the council were arranging the date of opening the college an intimation was received from the Home Office to say that the Queen was interested in the college, and that her Majesty was pleased to command that in future it should be known as "The Royal College of Music, Manchester."

The college will open on the 2nd of October, 1893, and the session will consist of three terms, each of about twelve weeks. The first, or Michaelmas term, beginning with the opening; the second, or Lent term, beginning about January 10; and the third, or Midsummer term, beginning about May 1. All students are required to pass an entrance examination, and no student will be admitted for a shorter period than three terms, or one session. Sir Charles Hallé gives permission to all students of the college to attend the orchestral rehearsals of his concerts in Manchester, a boon which should prove of untold advantage.

The college, it is hoped, will fill a long-felt want in the busy north of England, and it has every prospect of a most successful career.

W. K. M.

At the mature age of two Mr. Mervyn Dene (who was born in Devon on April 22, 1871) emigrated to India. Two years later he began to study violin and piano under a local man; at ten he taught himself the organ, and at eleven played in his father's church. In 1885 he came to England, and studied violin and piano at the South Kensington branch of the London Academy of Music. A year later he became assistant organist at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington. It was not until the end of 1889 that Mr. Dene thought of training his voice. He began with Mr. Reakes (at the L.A.M.), and took in succession bronze, silver, and gold medals, and, last year, the diploma of associateship. In 1889 also he was appointed organist and choirmaster at All Hallows, Southwark, but in November, 1891, went back to his old berth at St. Mary Magdalene's, at an increased salary. Mr. Dene, by the way, attributes everything he has achieved in singing to the excellent training of his master and friend, Mr. Albert Reakes.

## Mr. James Batchelder.



(From a photograph by S. J. Barrett, Oxford Street, Manchester.)

A N all-round musician of long experience is Mr. James Batchelder, and believing that a short sketch of his career and a few particulars of his opinions would be acceptable to the general readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, I waited upon him and expressed my desire to interview him.

"I trust, Mr. Batchelder," I said, "you do not object to supply the necessary particulars of your somewhat varied experiences for the benefit of our readers."

"Oh no," replied the ever-obliging gentleman. "My life has been a thoroughly musical one, for from almost infancy to the present time I have played and composed music of every description. By birth I am a native of Norwich, where my father was singing-master at the Model Schools, and taught Miss Glover's tonic sol-fa system for more than fifty years. With the exception of about ten years spent in travelling I have resided nearly all my life in Lancashire, and thirty years ago I settled permanently in Manchester."

"Well, and how has Manchester behaved to you?" I asked.

"Oh, I can't complain. During my thirty years here I have given over 50,000 music lessons. Many of my pupils are now in the musical profession, and they are earning good salaries at it, too. In addition to teaching, professional engagements as pianist, I have had some very good appointments as organist and choir-master. For instance, I was for five years at St. Ann's Church, Turton, near Bolton; six years organist and choir-master at St. Ann's Church, Junction Street, Manchester; and I was also for five years at St. Patrick's Church, Livesey Street, Manchester. When I left St. Ann's, Turton, they made me a present of this watch and chain."

Here Mr. Batchelder exhibited with evident pleasure his splendid present.

"You are not at present, I suppose, organist at any church?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Batchelder; "my time

throughout the remainder of the week is so fully occupied that I could hardly undertake the duties; I could not spare the time, in fact, for the choir practice."

"I should imagine you have your time pretty well taken up now, and you will have to work in a systematic manner to get everything to run smooth."

"I have to do all my work by the clock," responded Mr. Batchelder. "Pupils at such a time, a few minutes' writing, more pupils, and so on."

"Have you written much music, Mr. Batchelder?"

"Well, a matter of 500 compositions of all descriptions, comprising anthems, part songs, songs, pianoforte pieces, organ solos, dance music, operettas, burlesques, etc. In addition I wrote the music of the comic opera, 'La Serenata.' Some of my compositions have been accepted by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late Prince Leopold, etc."

"Do you write for any one or several firms of publishers?" I inquired.

"No," replied Mr. Batchelder; "I am not tied to any publisher, but to give you a proof that my works are acceptable, I may say that the following have published my compositions: Messrs. Forsyth Bros., Manchester and London; Enoch and Sons, R. Cocks and Co., C. Jeffreys, J. Blockley, Duff and Stewart, Reid and Co., Brewer and Co., B. Williams, C. Tuckwood, H. D'Alcorn, Evans and Co., H. Beresford, London and Birmingham; Abel Heywood and Son, Manchester; E. Henry and Co., Manchester; Leadbeater, Manchester; Hopwood and Crew, London, and others. Many of my works have sold exceptionally well, and have proved of mutual advantage financially to both myself and publisher. I might also tell you that I was at one time musical editor for a firm of London publishers, a position I occupied for several years.

"Have I had offers to conduct orchestras at the seaside? Yes, plenty; but it wouldn't pay me to interfere with my teaching connection, so, with the exception of an annual holiday on the Continent, I am giving lessons all the year round."

"Have you ever come across 'the infant prodigy' in your lengthy experience?"

"Well, yes, I believe I have," replied Mr. Batchelder. "I have had some really smart pupils in hand at various times; I could give you the names of several of my old pupils who were clever as mere children, and who now know the advantage of good tutelage when combined with talent. They are to-day reaping the reward of their younger years of study. I had one boy" (Mr. Batchelder mentioned his name) "who ought to have been—and would have been—in the very front rank of brilliant young performers, but for the fact that he had parents who would not part with him long enough to complete his studies. I would have had the boy sent to Leipzig; in fact, I had partly made arrangements for him to go, when, no, they wouldn't let him go for three years. And so a brilliant young life was checked, and now I really don't know whether he will ever be able to gain what he lost through the stupidity of his parents. I felt so annoyed about it at the time, because I could see a splendid future for the lad, and, moreover, the cost to his parents would have been trifling."

"Of course some songs you have written will have had large sales?"

"Yes, I have written a few that have had prodigious sales. I have written humorous songs for, and which have been sung by, Vance, Leybourne, Lloyd, Liston, Coyne, Rowley,

Millburn, Rickards, Coborn, Laburnam, Nash, Dunbar, etc. I also originated the swell comic song style, by putting together (with the assistance of a friend) 'Jolly Dogs,' sung by Vance, and published by H. D'Alcorn, London. This song had a phenomenal sale at the time, only equalled (I should think) by Coborn's 'Man that broke the bank,' etc. Talking of Coborn reminds me that I have just finished a new song for him, entitled, 'Eh, what a nice place London is!' describing, as it does, a provincial farmer's first visit to the great Metropolis. So pleased is Mr. Coborn with this song, that he has forwarded me an order for another, and which will deal with an entirely different subject."

"And now, Mr. Batchelder, what is your opinion of this royalty question?"

"Oh, I don't like it a bit. I never made anything out of it myself, and in my humble opinion it is a sure barrier to the unknown writer, be he a veritable Mozart. A man, nowadays, must have a name, or a publisher will not accept his works, because they consider that compositions by an unknown author would be so much waste-paper on their shelves. Then, you know, on the other hand, a publisher's life is far from a bed of roses at times. They might get a piece which in their judgment ought to sell, and advertise it, and get big people to sing it, and an unkind public will not buy it. Again, one publisher may issue a work of real merit at the same time that another firm have sent out a catchy song, which suddenly jumps into favour, and the result is that the clever piece lies on the shelf and is never asked for. All these things have to be considered before making any judgment, but I still maintain that the royalty system is not altogether a wise or proper one."

"Have you any compositions other than those you told me of in hand at present?" I asked.

"Yes, I am just now composing the music for a new burlesque, the libretto being written by a well-known author," answered Mr. Batchelder.

The ringing of the bell denoted the arrival of a pupil, and I left Mr. Batchelder after spending a pleasant hour.

W. K. M.

## Music in the Public Schools.

Eton.

**E**TION, like Harrow, is practically all school. Its one long, straggling street, running along the right bank of the river opposite Windsor, makes of itself no claim to dignity; and if it were not that here the sons of that favoured class known as "the nobility and gentry" receive their education to the number of close on a thousand annually, the place would be all but ignored by the tourist and the sight-seer. The history of Eton is the history of the college, and that, at any rate as you will read it in the guide-books, is dry enough. The institution was established in 1441, and consists of a provost, a vice-provost, a head master, seven fellows, seventy scholars, called King's Scholars (on foundation, and who live in the college and wear black gowns), three chaplains, ten lay clerks, twelve choristers, and between fifty and sixty assistant masters. Its endowments amount to something like £20,500 per annum. The seventy King's Scholars are admitted between twelve and fourteen years of

age after a competitive examination, and pay £25 per annum inclusive for washing and attendance. The other 900 scholars, called Oppidans, are admitted at from ten to fourteen years of age into the upper school upon application to a house tutor. The Oppidans are charged £150 to £210 per annum; they reside at the house of one of the masters or in one of the authorised Dame's houses. The King's Scholars are exclusively eligible to scholarships at King's College, Cambridge, but there are sixteen other scholarships worth about £800 per annum. Eton College has forty benefits in its gift worth from £100 to £1,200. And now you know all about the institution that is necessary.

Here we are to speak of the music at Eton, which naturally means that we must say a good deal about Sir Joseph Barnby and the work he did while Precentor and musical instructor at the famous institution. Sir Joseph has only lately severed his connection with Eton, and his successor, Mr. Charles H. Lloyd, considers himself as yet so little entitled to notice that he refers the present writer to his predecessor for details. Be it even so then. It is not so long ago since Sir Joseph Barnby, replying to a congratulatory address on the occasion of his taking up the Principalship of the Guildhall School of Music, told his hearers that he was glad to become, like themselves, a Londoner. One of his greatest desires was that he should be more in touch with them and with his musical brethren. Living twenty miles away it was difficult to do so, and, as he declared, he might as well be two hundred miles away, for "a miss is as good as a mile." Sir Joseph is now in London, and likely to remain there, but the good results of his musical teaching will long be felt at Eton, to which, indeed, he has devoted some of the best years of his life. The change to the Metropolis in reality involved a heavy pecuniary sacrifice; for while the Eton appointment was worth from £1,500 to £1,800 a year with a residence, the Guildhall School pays its Principal only £800. To make such a sacrifice in devotion to art and public ends, is no common experience, and the circumstance must always be remembered with credit as well as with pride.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Tonic Sol-fa College the other day, Lord Carrington declared that when he was a boy at Eton, five-and-thirty years ago, there was only one pianoforte in the whole school, and there was only one boy, the present Earl of Sandwich, who could play it! Think of the wonderful impetus that music has received since that comparatively recent date. The pianos at Eton may now be numbered by the dozen, and the boys who play them by the hundred. This altered state of things is a circumstance upon which we may reasonably congratulate ourselves; for although pianos and piano-playing do not necessarily imply a deep or wide-spread musical culture, they yet afford an unmistakable evidence of the increased attention that is everywhere being given to the divine art.

But there are other points to notice in connection with the music at Eton. The old authorities of the college had as little liking for the art as Lord Chesterfield himself, and up to 1851 the boys had to expend all the soul and sentiment they possessed upon Latin and Greek exclusively. Music as a branch of study came only in 1870, and even then of so little importance was the subject considered that a reverend amateur was chosen as instructor. When Mr. Barnby—he was plain "Mr." all his Eton days—arrived in 1875, he found several of the masters still opposed to music, mainly because of the time it took from what was supposed to be the more necessary branches of education;

but by a firm hand and a judicious temper he succeeded in gradually breaking down the antagonism, until now there is hardly a master who does not approve of music as a separate study.

The vocal training at Eton is conducted under the worst possible conditions, for the boys are mostly between fourteen and eighteen years of age, at which time, of course, the voices are to a great extent in a state of transition. Mr. Barnby used to personally examine every boy on entry, being always on the look-out either for special musical aptitude or for recruits for the choir. The latter generally consists of about ninety boys and masters, and supplies the chorus as well as the soloists for all the leading concerts at the college. It is possible to keep it at least up to a fairly high standard, the choice from among a thousand voices being very considerable, in spite of the untoward conditions to which we have just referred. As a matter of fact, every boy who can sing at all is taught to do so, although not a member of the select chorus. No doubt the teaching is to a great extent by ear; but if you are privileged to attend a concert at the end of one of the college terms you will have no reason to quarrel with the method on the score of real power and enthusiasm.

The College Hall holds only some three or four hundred, so that a concert which is to be shared in by the whole school, either as listeners or as active participants, has to be given twice. The building is oblong in shape, surmounted by a high Gothic roof. "All round an oak dado is carried half-way up the wall, except that in the middle of each side there stands a gigantic fireplace." At the farthest end is the orchestra, and behind it is a high oak screen. Along the sides of the hall is a double row of raised seats, one above the other, and these as well as every inch of space on the floor are always crowded with boys at the terminal concerts. Evening dress is *de rigueur* at these concerts, and with the elder boys in swallow tails and ample shirt front, and the younger lads in jackets with white collars, the assemblage makes a pleasing sight for the eye.

The programmes of the concerts are generally made up of a cantata or other connected work, and a miscellaneous selection of songs, duets, part-songs, and pianoforte solos. A writer who attended on a recent occasion found the reception of the various numbers rather puzzling. It appears, he says, to depend not wholly on musical considerations. For example, a part-song is announced, "conducted by the composer," who, on taking his place is received with deafening shouts of "bravo" and applause, while at the conclusion Eton lungs are again severely tried. The secret is that the composer is an "old boy." In other cases when a performer is applauded a similar explanation is necessary: "he's captain of one of the boats;" "he's a good bat," "he's a popular boy," and so on. Now and again the listener has an amusing reminder that he is among schoolboys. One of the soloists, for example, coming up the hall and having to reach his place in front, takes the platform at a vault, while later on another soloist sings his song with one hand grasping the music as if it were a cricket bat, and the other dived into his pocket. Lord C——, after singing his song, resumes his seat among the choir, and does not seem to realise that the continued applause of the audience demands that he should go forward again and bow. The boys around him, however, begin to pummel him so severely that he at last sees what is wanted. On the whole these concerts might almost be described as *sui generis*, and if you are fortunate enough to hear a represen-

tative performance you will certainly not forget it.

The music master at Eton rejoices also in the title of Precentor, which he takes from his direction of the music in the College Chapel. The latter building is well known to all visitors to Eton. It contains a fine organ, with an equally fine case, and from the loft at the west end you have a magnificent view of the building. At one time the choirmen from St. George's Chapel, Windsor, came to assist at the Sunday services, but Eton now has its own choir. Rather we should say its two choirs, for in addition to the regular choristers, who are town boys, trained by one of the choirmen, there is an auxiliary choir of fifteen boys of the College and fifteen masters. The services are exceedingly interesting, and are well worth hearing.

Regarding the instrumental pupils at Eton very little need be said. They devote themselves for the most part to the pianoforte and violin, and their progress in the former instrument is considerably retarded by the fact that they have no piano in their rooms for practice. Still, they do wonders, as the concerts show, and there is no doubt that the musical instructor of Eton, with his eight assistants, is helping largely to spread the love of music among those who have hitherto been somewhat open to the charge of making part of an unmusical nation.

## How to Practise.

### MOZART'S D MINOR FANTASIA.

THE introductory Andante requires especially careful use of the sustaining pedal. It is simply a series of broken chords. No melody must be put into the first six bars. At bar seven, however, a vague, indefinite melody begins and must be very slightly marked. But of course no "expression" must be put into it. The two-bar arpeggio passage at the end must be similarly treated. The Adagio must be "sung." The only difficult passages are the two *presto* bravura scales and arpeggios. Absolute smoothness is required. In the first case there must be no accent from the first to the last note; in the second there is one, on the low A. You will notice that the feeling of the Adagio has been sorrowful; in contrast to that the Allegretto must be played gaily. Excepting for the Cadenza it is very easy.

### BEETHOVEN'S RONDO IN A.

Little hands will find some difficulty in getting the passages in thirds clear, firm, and at the same time sufficiently soft. To overcome this difficulty practise very hard at the little exercise for the right hand, given at the head of the piece. Again, at the last bar of page 6, comes a broken scale for the left hand, and before this can be done smoothly, and at the same time with the proper phrasing, i.e., the first two of each group of three *legato* smoothly and the third crisp, short and light, a good deal of time must be spent on the exercise for the left hand.

### MOZART'S MINUET IN D.

I have frequently referred to the proper time at which a minuet should be taken. Of course some minuets may be played faster than others. As a general rule it may be laid down that the later the date at which a minuet was written the

faster must be the *tempo*. Thus a Mozart minuet is quicker than Handel's or Bach's, Beethoven's than Mozart's, Mendelssohn's than Beethoven's. The pace of this should be moderate. The semiquaver runs in the second part afford a good indication. They are not bravura or show passages—but on the other hand must not by any means be "sung." These passages form the only difficulty in the movement, though of course great care must be taken to bring out the peculiarly Mozartean character—such as appears in the second and third bars.

### MENDELSSOHN'S MINUET.

Curiously enough here is a "later" minuet, which must be played considerably faster than Mozart's. It is very difficult indeed, and small hands need not attempt it until they have grown into big hands. I need only indicate that a light and liquid touch is required, and great pains must be taken to get the various cross accents sufficiently but not too strongly marked.

### "YOU WHO KNOW."

First let me deal with the voice part of this song. The time is rather slow but flowing. The first phrase—the words to which, by the way, should read "You who know what *causal* arms"—must be sung absolutely *legato*, and with a big *crescendo*. Again, on the word "dead" there should be a *crescendo* followed by a *diminuendo*. Later on the words in brackets, "if aught be known," should be sung slightly detached and very softly, to give the effect of a parenthesis. The time must be hurried and the tone swelled continuously during the words which should read "Where the life-lorn years be strewn," and right on to "Where the eyeless ages rush." During the next phrase (for piano) the *tempo* subsides to that at which the song commences. The words "Whisper," etc., must be sung *quasi* recitative; flowing away freely at "Is Nirvana undistrest?" The last line should be *pianissimo* and slowly—as though repeating the words to one's self. The piano requires very artistic handling. The bass throughout must be played more or less murmuringly, and the pedal judiciously used. At the last bar of the fourth stave the time becomes much quicker and continues to increase up to the *ff*, when it gradually slides back to *tempo I.*

## A Mistake.

LAST month our critic made a mistake of the kind which easily happens at times when ten concerts per diem is the average number. He referred to Mr. Charles Macpherson's sextet as an "interesting, clever, but not very original work." As a matter of fact the sextet was never performed, and this criticism referred to a work which was played at another concert on the same afternoon, but which could not be noticed owing to want of space. Our critic had lost his programme, and was unable to correct his wrong impression that the "interesting," etc., work was Mr. Macpherson's.

Curiously enough *Musical News* makes merry over the mistake—*Musical News*, which discovered that "I Pagliacci" was a rising Italian composer, that a composition by Brahms in common time was a Strauss-Tausig waltz, and that Mr. Rowbotham is at work on the *Sun*—which MAGAZINE readers are assured he is not. Why is *Musical News* so careful to point out the errors in other periodicals—is it by way of *tu quoque*?

## Mr. Ben Davies.

**M**R. BEN DAVIES is, of course, a Welshman. His speech hints it, his personal appearance asserts it, his glorious voice proclaims it. He was born at Pontardawe in the Swansea Valley in the year 1858, and had attained the age of twenty before he thought seriously of having his voice trained. Of course he had sung as a boy—all Welsh boys do sing—and had visited London when he was fifteen with the South Wales Choral Union. He came to London a treble: he returned a—well, nothing at all. As our Yankee friends say, his voice had "gone bust," and young Davies wept to think he would sing no more. However, at the age of twenty, as I said, he began to have his "man's voice" trained. In the year 1878 fifteen tenors competed for a prize at one or another of the Welsh Eisteddfods. Of this fifteen Mr. Davies was one—the lucky one, it turned out. Brinley Richards was soon afterwards persuaded to hear the young local hero sing, and advised him to come to London. Mr. Davies did so. He worked at the Royal Academy for three years, taking bronze, silver, and gold medals, besides prizes and associateships, and other things that trouble the biographer. Not that I blame Mr. Davies for taking these things; on the contrary, if I had been in his position, with his voice and special mental endowment, I should have done exactly the same. Mr. Ben Davies took all the prizes that it seemed possible to take in the R.A.M., and some that seemed impossible, thereby showing his unique gifts and untiring industry.

In 1882 he was made A.R.A.M., which means Associate of the Tenterden Street School (therein differing from R.A.M., without the first A., which means nothing at all), and the same year the late Carl Rosa (hearing him sing the part of Faust in the garden scene) offered him an engagement. He made his *début* as Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl" at Her Majesty's, and at once achieved success. The engagement was then extended to a three years' one, and Mr. Davies went up and down the country for that time, singing in "Faust," "Maritana," "Mignon," "Carmen," and the "Canterbury Pilgrims." After that, he had a year on the concert platform, another with Carl Rosa, and then came the great success of all his many successes. In 1887 the late Alfred Cellier's "Dorothy" was running at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and the result seemed dubious. Mr. Leslie asked Mr. Davies to take the part of Geoffrey Wilder, and after long hesitation Mr. Davies did take it. It was decidedly a risky proceeding to go down to light opera after being successful in the serious, not to say heavy article. Mr. Davies ran that risk, and the result justified him. "Dorothy" at once began to lift her head, and in the end became so popular that she was played over six hundred times. After the run terminated, Mr. Davies sang in "The Red Hussar." Sir Arthur Sullivan heard him, and requested him to take the title-role in "Ivanhoe." And when "Ivanhoe" died, Mr. Davies once more tried light opera in "La Basoche," and succeeded as before. I need not mention that Mr. Davies is an "established favourite" concert singer. His "robust" tenor voice, with its exceptionally pure quality, and his immense enthusiasm, soon made him popular; besides, he took the trouble to learn the tenor songs of the big oratorios, and when he sings in, say, "Samson" or "The Messiah," he makes "effects" that astonish and delight audiences accustomed to the ordinary barrel-organ renderings of these works.

At the beginning of this month, Mr. Davies was invited to sing before the Queen at Windsor, and acceded to her Majesty's request. The affair was entirely private, and it need not be said that the Queen and various royalties present were delighted with Mr. Davies and his singing.

## Interview with Mr. Ben Davies.

I HAD some little difficulty in finding Mr. Davies. He chooses to reside in the wilds of West Hampstead and his house is in an unnumbered street. An additional difficulty is that new houses are being built in that street, or the old jerry-built ones are tumbling down—I could not exactly tell which. Finally I found a gate on which was painted a name somewhat resembling that given me as Mr. Davies' address. I counted the proportion of consonants to vowels and found that in each case it was thirteen to one. The only question was, did the former come in the same order? Careful examination proved that they did and I entered, vowing never again to call on anyone who lived in a house with a Welsh name. I don't attempt to write that name here, and it was one of the difficulties of finding the house that I dared not ask for it—lest I damaged my front teeth. This is a digression. I rang the bell, was shown in, and presently sat in Mr. Davies' billiard-room cross-examining its happy owner.

"What are your favourite parts?" I first demanded.

"I think Faust is my favourite, though I like Thaddeus in 'The Bohemian Girl' well."

"And in Wagner's operas?"

"Well, Lohengrin, for instance, is a very singable part, and a lot of Siegmund's music in 'Die Walküre.' But Wagner's music makes such heavy demands upon the voice that I am convinced it will soon wear anyone out who sings nothing else. Of course it is easier on the concert platform."

"Would you sing it differently on the concert platform to the stage?"

"Most decidedly. I aim at singing it more lyrically and less dramatically in the former case. Dramatic singing is very well, but must not be carried too far, or you make the audience remember the want of scenery and action. Dramatic singing is more tiring—one has to sing so emphatically in parts; and that is why I say I prefer to sing Wagner at concerts."

"Do you really think Wagner's music actually wears the voice?"

"Yes, if you sing too much of it, and that too much too dramatically, it does. There is one comfort: if once you make a reputation as a

singer you will never persuade the public that you can't sing. You may go on for years after the last traces of your voice have totally disappeared, and they'll still listen to you. Now that's a comfortable thing to look forward to!"

"Can you tell me anything as to what you will sing at the forthcoming festivals?"

"Well, you know, I go to Chicago to sing in 'Bethlehem' when Dr. Mackenzie produces it. I hurry home for the rehearsal, on October 2, of 'St. Paul,' which will be sung next day at the Norwich Festival. I sing in several things there and at Bristol later in the year. What I do there is hardly fixed yet. But I may say I'm booked up to March next."

## Mr. Louis Lombard.

I N a little volume which he calls "Observations of a Musician," Louis Lombard, the well-known American composer and critic, discusses music in some of its popular phases, and makes some valuable suggestions as to the best means for cultivating a taste for it among the people, and as to the best methods of instruction in its science and technique. From the preface, written by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, we learn that Louis Lombard was born in Lyons, France, in 1861, and at the age of ten was admitted to classes in the Conservatory of Music at Marseilles. A concert tour of two years was made during his first visit to America, and returning subsequently to that country he opened in 1889 the Conservatory in Utica, N.Y., which he is now directing, and which he has brought to such a high state of efficiency.

## A Present to Princess May.

A BOUDOIR grand pianoforte has just been made for Princess May by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. This is an illustration, which, however, hardly does the handsome instrument justice. It is intended to resemble a highly-decorated harpsichord. The ordinary abominable turned legs are superseded by a framework made in the "Early English" style. The case is inlaid with ivory and marquetry on beautiful mottled mahogany, à la Chippendale. The interior is as perfect as the case which encloses it. The improvements include Messrs. Brinsmead's patent tuning apparatus, which secures greater precision, and gives less trouble to the tuners, besides enabling the piano to stand in tune for an extraordinary length of time. The touch is elastic, and all gradations from a subdued whisper to a terrific fortissimo can be executed with the greatest ease. The tone is of a remarkably free and singing quality.



## The Composition of the Month.

THE composition of this month will be three compositions. Things are slack at present. No big works will be produced until the Norwich Festival in October. The special things for that—Mr. Cowen's "Water Lily," Mr. Barnett's "Wishing Bell," Mr. Gaul's "Una"—are not, at the moment of writing, published, though they are all, I hear, in the press. They will be dealt with in our September and October issues. Meanwhile, I take this opportunity to bring before my readers three compositions which have lain awaiting review for some time. With Mr. Marshall-Hall's Overture (analysed in February last) arrived a quartet; in April or May, Mr. Clutsam sent along a set of variations for piano, and later a small volume of songs. These are all worthy of special notice.

Mr. Marshall-Hall's quartet is in three movements, a Vivace, Largo appassionato and Allegro molto. It starts away vigorously with this theme :

1st and 2nd violins.



This is only a fragment of the theme, which is carried on for seven or eight bars further, and leads into another phrase of sufficient importance to be called a secondary theme, but which space will not permit me to quote here. This runs on for a couple of pages, getting sadder as it goes. More and more melancholy becomes the music, until a long slow progression of almost solemn harmonies is reached. The violins rise from D to E and sustain; underneath a new theme—the second theme proper—creeps in, *più vivace* but very softly :



The peculiarly Beethoven character should be noted. I don't mean to say the form is Beethovenish; but the peculiar blending of sadness with a don't-care-a-hang recklessness most decidedly is. The theme is taken up *forte* by the first violins and developed at considerable length. The figure in the second bar is made great use of; and this too reminds one of Beethoven. At last a big climax is reached, and the "working out" is commenced. This I have not space to describe, but I may note that it is not an Academical working-out by any means. Any self-respecting professor in the Royal Academy, College or Guildhall would at once run his pen through it, and write another displaying his knowledge of the rudiments of counterpoint, canon and fugue. It is enough

for Marshall-Hall, however, to arrange his old melodies so as to evolve new ones. The music flows continuously on, and no one would guess it to be a working-out section at all. On looking carefully into the structure, however, I find there is counterpoint enough to set up any six Academy professors for life; only Marshall-Hall employs the art that hides art. The recapitulation begins, curiously enough, in the rather remote key of A flat. But the principal theme is immediately repeated in the "normal key," and after a "rather extended episode" the second theme arrives respectably in its proper key too. When playing this part we notice that the second theme, played by second violin, is accompanied only by a remarkably expressive bass. Then, to our horror, the viola takes up the theme, the second violin playing the former bass; then the first violin has the theme and the bass its own proper part, whilst the inner instruments have an elaborate part, and we are in the midst of an elaborate double-fugue. Oh, Marshall-Hall! How could you presume upon our childlike confidence in you? The music is so beautiful and so expressive, that if you had not made the "leads" so very marked we would never have dreamed you were fugue-ing. However, what is done cannot be mended, and we must even let the beauty and expressiveness of the music compensate for its being fugal. I cannot trace this movement further; suffice it to say that it finishes effectively with a figure made of the first bar of the first theme.

The Largo appassionato is a wonderful piece of music. Properly, it is a kind of recitative for the four instruments. The 'cello announces this subject :



which is taken up by second violin, then viola, and last, first violin. The movement can be regarded as an elaborate fugue, and the feeling does in fact remind me much of Bach's slow E minor fugue for organ. There is no second theme and no passage that I can quote. The emotion becomes one of the deepest sadness and the ending is expressive of almost black despair. But with the finale comes a more hopeful mood. It has for a motto

'If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

and at a breakneck pace, viola and 'cello lead off :



This is taken up by first violin, and from it a lengthy passage of perfect loveliness evolved. Again I am unable to quote effectively. Of the second theme, only the melody can be given; the accompaniment is much too elaborate for our resources!



This extends over some bars and leads to a phrase, which must be quoted in full, not only because of its beauty, but because it is itself a quotation :



I wonder whether our friend Charlesworth—readers will remember his songs in our Christmas and April numbers—objects to having his themes appropriated thus. But I have now gone beyond my space limits, and must say that the "working-out" follows in due course, followed by the recapitulation, towards the end of which there is an *adagio*. This is broken by a *prestissimo*, with which the whole work comes to a tumultuous and "house-fetching" conclusion. This very inadequate summary may give my readers a more or less vague notion of a nobly conceived and finely executed work. (To save correspondence I may add that the parts of this, and those of the overture described in February, may be had from Messrs. Goodwin and Tabb, Great Queen Street, W.C.)

Mr. Clutsam is a young Australian, a piano pupil of Paderevski, and well-known in London as a very first-rate accompanist. I hope to hear soon of his showing himself something more than that. He has composed no end of songs and instrumental music. A movement from a symphony was played at the Promenade Concerts a few years since. It is probable, too, that a prelude from the big opera on which he is busy will be performed during the winter season. The variations for piano which I propose to analyse are chiefly noteworthy because of the promise they indicate. The same may be said of the book of songs. But besides that—and this is the reason they are mentioned on this page—both are an attempt to do something new. Let me deal first with the variations.

We all know the usual drawing-room type of variations. A theme of no particular interest or meaning is played over in a passionate manner, and then repeated several times, once disguised from head to foot in voluptuous arpeggio-harmonies, then with scale-passages hanging in rags from every four-bar section, then smothered in *fortissimo* chords, and finally, broken on the wheel—that is to say, thumped out in the most fantastic form devisable. That is one type—the frivolous type. Then there is the other type—the doctor's type. The theme is treated canonically, is inverted, is made to work in double-counterpoint with another theme, and, by way of an effective finale, is made into a sublimely dull fugue. Now Mr. Clutsam does not care for this sort of thing, nor for the drawing-room article either. He has taken a theme possessing the rare quality of expressive-

ness, and has endeavoured to make that expressiveness greater in every successive variation. Each variation seems the logical outcome of the preceding one. At the same time he has endeavoured to use the various devices of flying arpeggios and scales and staccato chords in a legitimate manner; that is, he uses them for musical, not acrobatic, purposes. Against this nothing can be said. Mozart and Beethoven made use of all the technique they knew, and even carried the art further. Here is the first "section" of Mr. Clutsam's subject (the bass is simple, and I do not give it):



The first variation consists of flowing semiquavers; the theme appearing in the bass or sometimes peeping out of the treble. In variation two a little agitation is felt. The melody is varied by quavers in the left hand, whilst the right has broken quaver-triplets. Number three is quite stormy: the melody appearing in octave triplets in the treble, occasionally reinforced by the bass. It should be noted that in each case the rhythm is different, although each seems to evolve naturally out of its predecessor. At the fourth variation there is reaction: the mood is entirely changed. The original melody is mournful enough, but here the mournfulness is augmented tenfold.



The next variation is a contrast to this: almost the same bass is played in octaves staccato, whilst the theme follows at the distance of a semiquaver, and in the form of crisp, "snappy" chords. Variation six is almost merry. The varied subject comes tumbling down in runs of thirds, regaining its position for a fresh start by an upward sweep, glissando. After a cantabile in the major key we arrive at the most original of the twelve forms into which the subject is twisted. The first bar must serve as a sample:



It is entitled "In modo drammatico," and is certainly dramatic enough. In the hands of a Paderewski (to whom, by the way, the piece is inscribed) more drama would appear than in the whole of a Mascagni opera. I must pass hastily over the next three variations, merely remarking that the diversity of rhythms is kept

up. Next to the "dramatic" variation in point of effectiveness will doubtless come the finale: an elaborate fugue on this form of the original theme:



But this is no mere doctor's fugue. It is written in more or less scholarly fashion, but the musician's and the pianist's requirements have also been kept well in view. Hence Mr. Clutsam has achieved a piece of music which is at once well written, satisfying to the musician, and calculated to fetch down the gallery when it is played at St. James's Hall.

I find I have no space to speak of the songs. There are six in the set, and of the six, five are to words by Heine. Mr. Clutsam has endeavoured to use the German song form and fill it with English—or at any rate Anglo-Saxon—feeling. Each song is expressive of some simple feeling, and is concise and simple in structure: each is "an unpremeditated lay." There is nothing of the sort in English music. That "the sort" will become popular in England I do not venture to affirm. But as the whole set can be got through in the time required by an ordinary drawing-room ballad, I cannot help thinking their fresh flavour and uninitiated atmosphere would be found a welcome relief to the kind of thing we are usually tortured with at afternoon concerts.

J. F. R.

## The "Beethoven-Cramer" Studies.\*

**A**T the outset one remarks it as curious that while the "Studies" of John Baptist Cramer are known and used in every quarter of the globe, none of his compositions, strictly so-called, are played. He published in all something like a hundred sonatas, concertos, and other works for the pianoforte, but these have become almost as extinct as the proverbial dodo. Why? The "Studies," it must be admitted, are exceedingly fine. As Herr Pauer puts it, they are completeness itself; they are finished with every care, they are harmonious in all respects—in short, they are classical. They represent the process of purification of technical execution up to the time of Clementi. Whilst Clementi is sometimes rough, uncouth in the studies of the "Gradus ad Parnassum," Cramer polishes off every little edge, smooths all roughness, and gives such an agreeable lustre to the music that the ear is simply charmed in listening.

In his "Studies" he shows that he is well acquainted with his Haydn and his Mozart. He has the spontaneity of the one with the grace and charm of the other, and with all he manages also to get something of the solidity of Bach himself. In the *legato* he is particularly happy, for he profited by the steady improvements of the English piano, and the more sonorous its tone became, the deeper the fall of its key, the more did he study that highest beauty of the instrument which comes from smoothness of style in playing. Quoting Herr Pauer again, one sees in his compositions that his own manner at the keyboard must have been the perfection of evenness and elegance; his phrasing must have been eminently refined;

\* Selection of Studies by J. B. Cramer, with comments by L. van Beethoven. Edited by J. S. Shedlock, B.A. London: Augener and Co.

there must have been a prevailing distinctness; his *fortissimo* could never have been disagreeable; in short, his was doubtless the performance of a virtuoso combined with all the experience of a sound musician.

All this can be said of J. B. Cramer, and of his "Studies," yet his other music is totally unknown. For the latter fact we may perhaps account in a single word: he was successful only in small pieces. For the larger and broader forms of composition he had not sufficient invention and inspiration to secure even a temporary fame, and there is too much antiquated matter in his sonatas and other works to prevent them ever rising from the oblivion into which they have long since fallen. Notwithstanding all that, his "Studies" have made him a universal favourite; and we in England have special reason to be proud of him, for although born in Germany of German parents, he came to London when he was only a child, and he had so little of the Teuton about him that he was quite unable to speak his native tongue! While he lived he enjoyed a worldwide reputation as a pianist and teacher, and Ries has left on record that he was the only player of his time of whom Beethoven had any opinion—"all the rest went for nothing."

And here we are brought face to face with the immediate subject of our article—the Beethoven edition of Cramer, which has been so admirably set before the English public by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, the well-known musical critic of the *Academy*. It would be difficult to say how many editions we have already had of the famous "Studies." The earliest, according to Mr. Dannreuther, is probably the lithograph edition of Breitkopf and Härtel, of which the second part appeared in 1810; next in importance comes the last that was revised by the composer himself, namely, the original English edition of Cramer and Co. (remember that the celebrated firm was founded by him in 1828); and finally there is the edition of Coccia published by the German house just mentioned. A selection of fifty of the "Studies" has been edited by Von Bülow, but this edition, while containing some remarks of special value to teachers, is generally felt to be an artistic mistake in so far as the editor has tampered with the original and modified the fingering. To all these, and numerous other editions, there has now to be added the "Beethoven-Cramer," which, so far as it goes, will probably be reckoned the most important that has yet been published.

It was already known—as, indeed, we have seen—that Beethoven had a more than usual regard for Cramer. There are references to him in the master's letters of June 1, 1815, and March 5, 1818, besides frequent notices in Moscheles' life. According to Schindler, Beethoven set a very high value on the "Studies," and, indeed, believed them to be the best preparatory school in existence for the proper understanding of his own pianoforte works. "Our master," says Schindler, "declared that they were the chief basis of all genuine playing. If he had ever carried out his own intention of writing a Pianoforte School these 'Studies' would have found in it the most important part of the practical examples, for on account of the polyphony predominating in many of them he looked upon them as the most fitting preparation for his own works. That he regarded them from this point of view and didactically prepared twenty numbers for his nephew to study from—everywhere indicating the manifold means of expression by accentuation of various kinds, all, however, in conformity to one fixed rule so as to accomplish the chief aim—must be considered one of the most precious inheritances to hand."

A precious inheritance indeed! and it is this inheritance that Mr. Shedlock has now made ours.

The history of this annotated Cramer is exceedingly interesting. In the Berlin Royal Library there is a (Haslinger) copy of the "Studies" with comments, some signed "Beethoven," some with the initials "A. S." which stand for Anton Schindler. This copy belonged to Schindler himself, and from certain introductory remarks we learn that the Beethoven comments are the ones referred to by Schindler in the master's biography, as already quoted. Mr. Shedlock prints these remarks of Schindler with an English translation. They are of the greatest possible interest, but it would obviously be unfair to transcribe them here (some plums must be left), and we can only say that they give unmistakable evidence of the fact that Beethoven regarded his pianoforte sonatas as founded on a "poetical basis," while that basis he had at one time serious thoughts of revealing. As Mr. Shedlock remarks, many people regard music on a "poetical basis" as if it were a thing of quite modern times, but to no music is the term more applicable than to the piano music of Beethoven, and it is a matter of the highest importance that we can now refer to these "Studies" for hints of the inward spiritual meaning of the master's own works.

Schindler mentions twenty numbers as having been annotated by Beethoven, but the composer's name is appended to twenty-one of the comments in the Berlin Library edition, and Mr. Shedlock therefore prints that number. Schindler, it may be remarked, completed the edition by comments of his own drawn up in imitation of Beethoven, but those are, of course, ignored in the present collection, which is avowedly nothing more than a selection from the "Studies." Mr. Shedlock has printed Beethoven's annotations in the original German, following them in every case by a translation. The first thing which strikes one in regard to them is their terseness. Beethoven wastes no words, and, indeed, sometimes we could wish that he were a little more definite. Against the opening Study, for example, this is all that is set down: "The rhythmical accent is the same on all beats of the bar. In this way it appears in scale-like progressions. In order to obtain the necessary binding the finger must not be lifted off the first note of each group until the fourth note is to be struck. With pupils this Study must naturally be practised at first in very slow time." The other comments are mostly of equal brevity; while against certain bars of the musical text Beethoven has marked such suggestive notes as, "The touch here uniformly broad," "The melody in the third note of the triplet," and so on. According to the testimony of those who heard him, the accentuation appears to have been a striking feature of his pianoforte playing; and this is amply borne out by the "Studies" now before us. There seems to be, as Mr. Shedlock remarks, a struggle going on in Beethoven's mind between the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life; and as often as not he makes the expressive meaning of a melody determine its rhythm and rhythmical accents.

This circumstance—the circumstance that Beethoven regarded the mere notes as an incomplete revelation of the composer's intentions—is of the greatest importance in relation to the Cramer "Studies," but it is still more so when we come to apply the principle to Beethoven's own compositions. Hitherto, as Mr. Shedlock says, it has been supposed—in spite of Schindler's hints as to the master's own freedom—that an interpreter of the Beethoven sonatas must, while trying to reveal the spirit, keep rigidly to the text. But these Beethoven comments show that the letter must sometimes give

way in favour of the spirit, and although any liberty of this kind must be used with the greatest caution and with unerring judgment, the present collection will be of incalculable value if the general principle taught by its annotations be taken seriously to heart. A debt of the deepest gratitude is owing to Mr. Shedlock for having brought to the front a work of whose existence even professional musicians have hitherto been for the most part ignorant, and we are sure that its publication only requires to be noted to ensure its being made a possession in many a musical household. J. C. H.

## Fugue.\*

BY EBENEZER PROUT.

**A** VERY elaborate and exhaustive volume on Fugue is the latest addition made by Mr. Prout to his valuable series of theoretical works, in which he has already dealt with Harmony, Counterpoint, and Double Counterpoint. The present work has nothing in common with the handbook, or short cut to knowledge. Indeed, the author warns the student that his book is not written as a "cram" for examination, and that although all the rules given are founded upon the practice of the great masters, yet in the present state of musical examinations, any student who attempts to carry into practice the principles here given will almost inevitably be "ploughed." Mr. Prout tells us in his preface, that instead of following the standard theoretical authorities, he has gone to the fountain head, namely to the works of the great composers themselves, has carefully analysed them, and from their practice has deduced his rules. Some idea of the extent of his labours may be gained from his statement that he has examined every fugue to be found in the forty volumes of Bach's works, besides at least a thousand fugues by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other writers of more or less eminence. As he has not given a single rule which is not enforced by the example of distinguished composers, the author remarks, truly enough, that the student who writes fugues according to the directions given in this book, may at all events comfort himself with the reflection that if he is wrong, he is in exceedingly good company.

In this work the different portions of the fugue have been taken separately, in order that the student may learn how to construct each part before he proceeds to the composition of an entire fugue. Therefore, the Subject, the Answer, the Countersubject, the Exposition, the Episode, and the Middle and Final Sections of a fugue are treated separately, and in the most minute and painstaking fashion. The remainder of the volume deals with the Double Fugue, the Fugue on a Choral, and Accompanied Fugues. Mr. Prout has a clear and simple style, the first necessity for a theoretical writer, and his explanations are further elucidated by innumerable examples from the works of great masters. It should be premised, however, that the student who attacks this book is expected to have a thorough knowledge not only of Harmony and Counterpoint, but also of Double Counterpoint and Canon.

The present volume is followed by a companion work on Fugal Analysis, which will contain a selection of the finest fugues by the great composers, in various styles, put into score and fully analysed. With the subject of fugue the strictly theoretical part of the series will be completed, and the remaining volumes will deal with actual composition.

\* Messrs. Augener and Co., London.

## How I was Taught Singing.

A LETTER FROM A SINGING STUDENT.

YOU think my voice improved, and that I did my work for you the other night splendidly? Well, you are experienced, and somewhat of an expert on this subject, therefore your kind words are as balm and nectar to the struggling student of song. And you want to hear by what means I have thus improved, and to be told of my vocal experiences, that you may tell others, and let them profit thereby. Indeed, I shall be pleased if I can help, be it but one of my fellow sufferers—for sufferers singers each and all are, even including the highly gifted and the triumphantly successful. You remember Wildhead? It was he first enthused me with hope. Longing and love of song I had possessed since I was seven, but opportunity of study had I none till I was twenty-seven. Far, far too late to begin in earnest, of course. Let this confession of old age be, therefore, my first note of warning. Eighteen to twenty is a good age for a woman singer to begin, and scales, intervals, exercises alone should occupy her for three years, then she can start fair. Wildhead is a great and true musician. At first, I think, he was in despair over my ignorance and want of capacity, but to my comfort (heard long after) I know I became one of his favourite pupils. "So intelligent, so painstaking," he said. He was a great master, because he could create; and he created for me a voice, a really rather remarkable voice; but, alas! not my own voice at all, so that when long distance separated master and pupil, gradually my rather grand but wholly unnatural singing voice left me, and my own natural voice was almost as untrained as ever. Second note of warning is, therefore, see that your own natural voice gets cultivated—do not acquire a manufactured one. Wildhead's craze was for a large wide-opened mouth. He would spend half the lesson fighting for this, and he was a rare good fighter in every way. My mouth is not large naturally, but I succeeded in greatly developing it by determined efforts and perseverance. Now, a natural and easy drop of the lower jaw is, of course, all-important, but the rigid, oblong-shaped mouth at its fullest expance on each and every vowel sound is, I think, a fatal waste of energy. Just try yourself to sing *o* and *u* and *i* with a wide-opened, elongated mouth. It demands an effort that diminishes the singer's power for making more important points. Again, a favourite cry of his was, "Direct the sound against the lower teeth." This method produces on certain vowels and notes a brilliancy, but robs the tone of all velvety quality and richness of timbre. At my first lesson he said, "You take your upper notes lightly, like a soprano; anyway, your voice is mezzo-soprano." Well might it have been for my long-enduring vocal chords had he adhered to his opinion; but when he found that lower *F* and *E* came with ease and fair amount of tone, he decided to cultivate my voice downwards. Henceforth I practised almost exclusively from lower *F* to middle *C* upwards to its octave; and so severely—so much too severely. I paid for it later. The human vocal chords are organs more delicate than the strings of a lute. Our good friend treated them as the ropes of a sail planned to battle with Nature's biggest bellows. But if you are thinking from all this that I wish I had never studied with Wildhead, you are in the wrong key. His

lessons were to me a musical epoch, for he is a great musician; but he ought not to train a voice unless it is basso-profundus, or unless he has modified his method.

My next teacher was a lady, fresh from her own studies in Germany, under one of Germany's most renowned professors of singing. Her complete devotion to music—a true and self-denying devotion I soon learnt it to be—her strong brilliant voice, her large repertoire of only the best in music and song, won my interest and admiration, and as she always had a splendid accompanist for her lessons, they became a joy and delight. But I was her first, or almost her first, pupil. Teaching is an art and has to be learned with as great care and patience as any other art. Madame Colonia was but a novice therein. She could do the right thing with her own voice, and told me that it was the result of study, though undoubtedly also she was unusually gifted, with a natural sense of time, tune and rhythm, but she could not tell me *how* she did it, or by what means, nor accurately describe the right sensations for producing certain tones. Here again, therefore, I was at a great disadvantage, so far as actual instruction in technique and voice-production goes. But the compensations were great. I heard (for I often persuaded her to sing to me) excerpts from the best vocal works splendidly rendered. With her I talked, tasted, and felt music, and should, I think, have made great progress had I not been hampered by the great reverence with which Madame Colonia inspired me for her German professor. This reverence caught from her made me regard his "method," his book, as all-sufficient and infallible. She had gone to him already a trained singer; he did not, therefore, interfere with her method of production, but only enlarged her understanding of great works, and improved her reading and rendering of them; whereas I tried to follow his every hint. And here again I would warn all young singers to take warning and advise them to modify rules to their several capacities, and to judge from personal experience and results how far to obey them. While criticising so great a master as this German professor I almost held my breath at my own audacity, but I am smarting under the injury done to my voice apparatus by his pet rule, or my misinterpretation of the advice he gives concerning a "fixed larynx" for everything and a "glottis shock" for producing trills. So many times does he urge the "fixed larynx," that I underlined in my book of his method every recurrence of the rule, and found it on nearly every page! This, then, I said to myself, is the great secret, and joyfully worked hard to fix mine, until it became so fixed that I felt as though I were wearing an iron collar. Henceforth the "fixed larynx" became as great a stumbling-block as the "huge mouth." With this method my voice in a few months became so stiff that to run up a scale was as laborious as climbing a mountain, and the coming down as difficult as the descent from an omnibus! And the shock of the glottis on one note: how tiring it is, how wearing to the vocal apparatus! He tells you it will produce in time a trill on one note like the trill of a bird, and has nothing to do with the ordinary shake. Any way he gives separate exercises for each. But I think the reiterated glottis shock produces bad intonation, for he permits a slight fall of the voice, gradually to be toned down to one sound, trilled or aspirated in rapid, even, regular shocks. Surely this can but lead to the voice making a useless enharmonic interval and end in false intonation. And I found it so, for now I began to sing out of tune, and hitherto, with all my faults, I had been free of that. Another experience too, about this time, proved bitter. A

friend, with whom I had occasion to sing a good deal, persuaded me to go to one of the London Schools of Music to her professor, that we might do our duet work together. This good man has a big reputation, but he taught me, and, so far as I could judge by listening to them, he taught his other pupils, not anything at all. He was gentle, courteous, his conversation occasionally interesting, whether on or off music, but I waited in vain, several months, for the happy hour when he would give me any help at all, for even crumbs are grateful to the hungry. Mr. Pussy Cat would call you with gentle voice, "Now, young lady, what have you brought today?" Anything, everything, suited him equally well. You sang well, badly, atrociously, it was all the same. "Thank you; very nice," or "Let us do that again," or "Have you brought something else?" and by the time something else was somehow got through the next pupil was called upon. All this is sham teaching, it really is not fair. Think of the hundreds of young men and maidens now spending their all for this wretched return, and they leave these schools, many of them after two, and even three, years, unable, I was going to say, to sing a scale, certainly unable to sing a chromatic scale correctly.

August of that year found me in Germany. Vocal Despair accompanied me. Yet I meant to shake off my companion if I found opportunity. I tried to think out this subject of the singing voice that has no end, and of which it is so difficult to find the right beginning. I made a little German boy of ten, a musical child who could read off his song-book with the greatest ease, sing to me. His pretty pathetic voice was strained and forced off his chest, and he had none of the sweet bird-notes, pure, ringing and true, of the well-trained English solo choir-boy, such as are heard in St. George's, Windsor, Lincoln Cathedral, St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and many another church and cathedral. "They train voices so well in Germany," said a lady to me. "Even the children in the schools are properly taught." "I am sorry for the result," I added; "this child's voice will crack before he is twelve, instead of lasting on to fourteen, as it might have done with better training." Perhaps I was unfortunate, but I heard no good singing during this visit, with one exception. All the voices were "throaty" and forced. I asked about the Bayreuth singers. "The music is, I know, splendid, the arrangement of the theatre excellent," I said. "But are the voices sweet? I am tired of regulated noise." I had been disappointed of getting to Bayreuth myself that year, so sought second-hand information. Not one opinion was in favour of the solo voices being sweet and tuneful. "Very grand, you know, wonderfully trained. Intonation not always perfect, but such a strain on the voice, that music. Very good acting." Then I asked myself, "Whose voices do please you? Whence come they?—that is, Where have the sweetest voices of to-day, and of the past, been trained?" And the answer was, "The sweetest, richest, purest-toned singers of to-day—Albani, Patti, Melba, Eames, G. Ravagli, Lili Lehmann, Eduard and Jean de Reszke, Calvé—come from widely separated parts of the world, but each and all have trained in the school of the old Italian method; and the best woman teachers of to-day are Mesdames Marchesa, Alboni, and Viardot-Garcia—all exponents of that same school. Garcia's reputation is great and surely deserved. His mantle (such is my private opinion) has not descended on his son, but there must be many another of his pupils who can, and should, become as great as he. Vocal Despair whispered to me: "You have no chance of studying with these people." "No; but could I not find some humble, yet efficient pupil-

teacher of the school?" "They will gladly take your money," he answered; "but unless you are young, with a *very* promising voice, and likely to make a name in the profession as their pupil, they won't trouble to really teach and train your voice." "You are a thoroughly disagreeable companion," I replied, and with my best dignity went forth to find one of Madam Marchesa's pupil-teachers. And I found her, even in Germany. And that you may not tire of my experiences—for which, please, remember you asked, and I did not offer—I will only add briefly exactly what this good lady taught, told, and advised me, in order that you may know whence came the improvement you have been pleased to observe in my singing, and that your readers may take such hints as may best serve to aid them in their arduous task of voice culture.

Madam Fullandfree had a rich-toned mezzo-soprano voice; it came forth from her vocal apparatus and set the air all around her vibrating. That at once delighted me. I like to feel waves of sound are round me when a person sings. She encouraged me to try and make a good round mouth, to leave my tongue low, but easy, and not pressed against any other part of my mouth; to think of the roof of my mouth and upper gums and teeth as a sounding-board against which the breath plays. She taught me that a *crescendo* is not made by extra force put on the vocal chords or larynx, but by greater breath pressure only; that to correct my throaty faults I must practise gently on *oo*, *do*, or *ve*, and think more of full tone than of ring and force; that the middle voice should seem to play into a cavity of the sounding-board just below the nostril on the upper lip, and that true head-notes must seem to play into the whole face and brow; also that, at present at any rate, I need not think about my throat and larynx at all, for that when the tone is rightly placed and directed the organs train themselves. She advised me to practise fifths, fourths, thirds, and minor thirds and seconds *downwards* gently and lightly, yet with full tone; to practise scales downwards and in what she called in German "head-voice," but what I am sure in English we should describe as medium or *mezzo di voce* with full tone.

Since September of that year I have tried to work on these lines, and have had no further visit from that odious Vocal Despair, and sometimes have even seen Miss Good Results approaching my door as though to call and stay with me, but hitherto I have not quite dared to claim her as a permanent resident, lest she should after awhile have cause to ridicule me for having welcomed her on such slight acquaintance.

Nevertheless, I hope by a judicious combination of all the three methods I have described, and by regular practice—which, I am bound to confess, during these years of my study has been but irregular and insufficient—to attain to some high standard of vocal proficiency even yet.

STUDENT.

MR. STEINBACH, though a good conductor, is by no means a first-rate one. He lacks the passion and grip of Mahler, the breadth of Richter. In appearance he is a typical German, though a trifle taller than most of his nation. He was born forty-three years since, musically educated at the Leipzig Conservatoire, in 1871 was appointed assistant conductor of the Mannheim Opera, and, five or six years later, conductor to the municipality of Mayence. Mr. Steinbach is of opinion that we English don't understand Wagner, and seems to think he (Steinbach) is the man to lead us to find salvation.

## Appassionata.

R. Wagner, *Tannhäuser*, Act I., Scene I.  
 Tannhäuser ... Herr L. Holzenhaus.  
 Venus ... Fräulein M. Laurence.  
 Chorus ... Musik Schülern, etc.

"You are a little ambitious here!" remarked the old man dryly.

"Oh, yes; we are going to outshine Petersburg—under our new Herr Direktor," laughed Herzenstein good temperedly; "but really, you know, this won't be bad. Holzenhaus is rather a beast—bellows like one—but Miss Laurence—Fräulein they call her there—is the girl who just now sang 'Ich liebe dich' as if she did."

"A girl sing Venus' music!" was the only reply.

Herzenstein interrupted with an exclamation of blank astonishment.

"Lieber Himmel! That's Castruccio! Is he going to take *Tannhäuser*?"

Both men looked curiously at the stage, Castruccio, with unusual light and animation in his dark Italian face, was leading a young lady on to the platform. She was a slight girl, with a quantity of dark brown hair loosely piled, rather than arranged, on her head. A black lace dress cut square at a soft white neck would have made her look mournful but for the faint flush that came and went in her cheeks, and two or three loose roses she held carelessly. A fellow student had pressed them into her hand as she was about to ascend the stage steps.

"Venus in mourning for her sins, with only her roses as relics of past glories!" muttered Herzenstein's companion.

The wonderful music swept through the room. Miss Laurence and Castruccio stood like statues. Neither held any music, but Castruccio had a half-sheet of note-paper crushed in his hand. She stood looking straight out before her, over the people's heads to the great door beyond; he, standing sideways, could fix his gaze upon her, under downcast eyelids, for her head barely reached his shoulder.

"What a Mephistopheles that fellow would make—and is!" exclaimed Herzenstein involuntarily. His companion was absorbed in the music.

The far-off chorus ended and the prelude. Miss Laurence turned her head slowly towards Castruccio:

"Geliebter, sag! wo weilt dein Sinn?"

The singularly appropriate question brought a grim smile even to Herzenstein's companion.

"Nicht weit—nicht weit!" murmured Herzenstein.

*Tannhäuser*'s rich, exquisitely toned voice alternated with the young delicious voice of Venus. Herzenstein's companion fixed his eyes on the ground, and did not miss a note, only looking up with critical approval as *Tannhäuser* broke impetuously into "Dir töne Lob." When the song recurs in a higher, more fervent key, he looked up, and meeting Herzenstein's eager look of inquiry, he leant back and said:

"He'll make a better *Tannhäuser* than Mephistopheles."

Flexibility and richness of tone carried Miss Laurence triumphantly through the trying duet with *Tannhäuser*—by turns her voice became ringing, wild, imploring and tender, pathetic, heart-breaking. His had an extraordinary tone. A sort of thrill ran through the room, and people held their breath.

The duet ceased, and then, defiance utterly gone, with voice of unspeakable sweetness, Venus sought to recall past joys to *Tannhäuser*. As in a dream the chorus was heard. In quick revulsion *Tannhäuser*'s voice flung out the embodiment of his soul's passion—sang "Stets soll mir dir, mir dir mein Lied ertönen!" Then

overwhelming remembrance, changing the very ecstasy of reckless delight into grief, and at last resolution, followed, and Venus' swift terrible anger.

The little gray-haired man no longer looked at the ground, his gaze was full on the singer. The half-shy bearing of the earlier part of the evening had been swept away by the rapt passion of the music she sang, and there was something appalling and fascinating in the very look of the slight young figure with white throat thrown back, and the roses, crushed involuntarily in her hand, scattering the blossoms, as she heaped scorn and defiance upon her recreant lover.

There are certain notes that penetrate one's very soul in that fierce outburst which yet quivers with yearning love. All love-songs pale before its flame. There is a most thrilling pathos in the way the music despairs to soar, and drops to the tenderest notes "tief in der Erde wärmenden Schoos," and this tenderness struggles ever with the bitter "Suche dein Heil!"

After that, the audience, carried out of itself, could scarcely tell how the scene ended. The storm of applause only came when Castruccio had already led Miss Laurence from the stage.

In the green-room the director met her with outstretched hands and fervent praise. Baron Vogler drew her out of the eager crowd of envious and enthusiastic congratulations to introduce his pupil to the great musical critic, Valberg of Vienna, the little gray-haired man who had listened with such critical attention to her singing, and now had words of encouragement and prophecy that outran her fondest dreams.

Meanwhile Castruccio, coldly shaking off the overflowing congratulations and resuming his usual *dégradé* and bored expression, leant against a door in the shade, near a table piled with music. Presently what he waited for, came.

Miss Laurence turned away from her friends and crossed over to where he stood. Without speaking she began to search among the music. For a moment he watched her, stiffening his lips because they quivered, then he whispered in a low voice that shook, "Marguerita!"

She did not cease her search for the missing music, but, without a glance in his direction, replied in an equally low tone, though her voice was full of an indignant anger:

"How dare you speak to me?"

Looking at her hands moving impatiently among the music, and leaning carelessly against the wall, to all appearance he was the picture of indifferent indolence.

"I dare. Don't you know there's a certain point when men turn?"

"Such men as you!" with unfearing scorn.

"Such men as I. Sois. I'll not implore—you would not have a scene before all these people?"

She looked up at him for a moment. A cold terror was creeping over her, putting out her courage as water does fire.

"You will let me see you home? I have sent away your servant. I have your music here. Will you say 'good-night' to these people? Let me hold that for you till you are ready."

He took the faded and broken spray of roses from her hand—she had held it mechanically till now. A minute since, she had been a heroine, defiant, strong in her self-reliance, ready to resent the least encroachment—now, she was only a weak woman, a mere girl, a coward swayed by this man's strong will—by a sudden horror of what might come if she resisted him. Mechanically she said farewell to those who still lingered in the room. She found Castruccio standing in the shadow near the

door, holding her roll of music and the woollen shawl for her head. The roses were not to be seen. She would have put on her shawl herself, but he was too swift. In the dusky shade it seemed to her as if he held her in his arms for a moment as he skilfully adjusted the wrap about her head and throat.

She was tired and unnerved; his touch thrilled her, the tears rose in her eyes. With bent head she left the hall, Castruccio following her slowly. Once beyond the rays of light, he was beside her.

"Marguerita," he said almost apologetically, "you are tired; let me get you a carriage."

"No, no, I would rather walk." Indeed, she felt that movement alone might steady her nerves.

"Then you must take my arm." She let him passively put her hand upon his arm. His touch was a caress. The silence was terrible to her, and she broke out in a kind of sob:

"What has changed you—what has changed you?"

"Changed me?" all his indolence and indifference had been swept away. There was bitter mockery in his voice as he echoed her words. "Everything is changed—you have changed me!" His voice varied and touched its tenderest tones. "Rita, carissima, why did you sing so, tonight? I was stone, I was dead while I stood at the door, and you sang, 'Ich liebe dich'; what was it to me? Did you sing it to anyone but me?"

She was silent in a kind of dream; the slow tired tears were running unchecked down her white cheeks.

He thrust the roll of music into the pocket of his great-coat, and drawing her closer, took her hand into both his, pressing it passionately to him.

"Why did you sing so? When I sang renunciation I sang my soul out to you; but it was renunciation of renunciation; it was my consecration to you. Could you leave nothing unsaid? 'Suche dein Heil!'—Mein Heil ist mit Dir—Love of my heart—"

His voice broke utterly and failed him.

They were going along a quiet, dark, deserted street. He put his arms about her and held her with wordless passion.

For a moment, overwhelmed by the man's intensity of feeling, she lay, tired and passive, against his breast; then she wrenched herself from his hold, and hurried on. He followed by her side, he caught her hand firmly in his.

Like a hurricane she turned upon him.

"How dare you insult me so?"

"Is it an insult for a man to hold the woman he adores in his arms for one blessed moment?" he asked recklessly.

"When she loathes him," panted the girl.

"When she loves him!" he echoed, his mobile voice thrilling on the changed word.

"Loves—loves?" she questioned defiantly, and evidently struggling with the influence his voice possessed over her.

"Have you not told me you love me?—do you think I need words to tell me?—and yet, Dio mio, those words made me mad with joy. Rita, say them again—"

He poured out a wild rhapsody of love and imploring tenderness. He held her hand crushed in his.

"God forgive me, I did tell you that." Then, gathering strength, she continued painfully, endeavouring to be calm: "I did say that; but your pain wrung it from me when I thought we were parting, when it seemed all I could do, when I would have given my life—" She checked herself, frightened into knowledge of the danger of her words by the eager face bending towards her. To guard against her

tenderness, she broke out in sudden anger and reproach.

"You have rewarded me—you have been worthy my trust! You have broken your promises, you persecute me now—" Her panting words choked her.

"I am the devil himself," he said grimly, taking up her broken sentence. "Yes, I have broken my promise—I could not—do you understand?" (he spoke almost violently)—"I could not leave you. Yes, I persecute you—after turning myself to stone for a month past! Why, to-night as you sang 'Ich liebe dich,' I might have been dead for any influence you had on me—I only noted that you sang one note false. And the Vogler appealed to me by all his gods to take Holzenhaus' place, and when asked in your name, I went."

He raised his tall figure and shook his shoulders as if getting rid of a weight. He began to speak with a certain calmness, as if struggles and arguments were done with.

"That's all past. Now we'll look on the inevitable. You are quite alone, Rita; you must give up this useless beating against the waves that have gone over us, you poor little white thing; you are killing yourself, when you try to kill the love that binds us together. Do you think I have not seen your face grow whiter and thinner every day? You will be nothing but a voice soon, if I don't save you from yourself. You—you Northern women, with your scornful disbelief in Purgatory, you live your Purgatory on earth! Be satisfied, then, and let the poor tortured soul escape, redeemed by my prayers!"

The jest was too bitter to smile at.

He went on more earnestly and urgently:

"You must come to me—do you hear? I am not asking—there is no question more of asking. You belong to me by a higher law than earth can ever give. You hold my life in your hand. Why should I protest? You know all, without the pale reflection of meaning words can give. Love—my own love!"

She turned her face towards him, alight with fervent, trembling resolution. Her voice, at first faint, strengthened gradually:

"I do love you—I do love you."

He could not follow his impulse, for she had taken both his hands in hers, and with nervous unconscious strength held them firmly as she faced him.

"Do you know I would go—I think I would go, if I dare think of myself alone. You know me—" Then with a wistful change in her voice, "Oh, you will not think me bold and wicked. But though I stand alone, Leo—it tears my heart to say it—you know our happiness would turn to dust—she would always be there—her reproachful eyes would send me mad—no, no, not for my sake, but because I dragged you down!"

He interrupted her passionately.

"My heart's love—the remembrance of her—of the woman the world calls my wife, shall never touch, never trouble you; no harm could come near you, with me to guard you, and love you."

A drosky rattled past, and Castruccio rapidly drew his companion into the shadow of a great doorway with overhanging balcony. They stood silent and heard Herzenstein's clear boyish voice, speaking to some fellow-student in the drosky as it drove by: "Oh, Castruccio got over his infatuation a month ago; he only sang—" No more was heard.

Castruccio was almost frightened at the effect of the words. Miss Laurence clung to his arm as if she would have fallen, but for the support.

"Do they talk like that about us?" she panted.

To reassure her, he spoke indifferently:

"Oh, Herzenstein's a fool; don't regard such chatter. Shall we go on now?—the street is quite quiet."

They walked on, while he counted the moments till he dare speak the words that burned his lips, and she tried to brace herself for one last effort of renunciation. She shivered, and, without a word, he turned to draw her wraps more closely around her. She shook her head, with a smile that looked very wan and tired under the lamplight of a fruit-stall they were passing. She summoned all her resolution and courage.

"This must be—shall be the last time we shall speak together."

"Till we never part," he added.

"Yes, yes, till we never part," she echoed with a fervent gesture, and then continued: "but never here—never all my life. Do you understand? It must end now. Oh, it will not kill us—not our bodies, you know; but—this—love—"

"Do you mean," he asked in a low steady voice, "that you give me up; that I am to be nothing—nothing to you?"

"It is killing me, as it is killing you," she cried with sudden passion; "but I cannot alter—oh, Leo—my love—we must part even though it kill me—I cannot change."

His arms dropped passively by his sides.

"Yes, it is killing me," was all he said, in a blank, toneless way. They walked on as if in a dream.

They were near her lodgings, and the anguish of parting so coldly lay heavily upon her. He seemed almost unconscious of her presence. She put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Don't suffer so!" she said impotently.

He looked at her and laughed wretchedly:

"Don't say 'Suche dein Heil!'"

They stood before her door. He laughed again strangely as she held out her hand. He plunged his own hands deep into his coat pockets and shivered. In doing so he took hold of her roll of music and held it out to her. She took it passively, gazing fascinated into his eyes, which looked strange and bright as a ray of moonlight fell across his face. He thrust his hands once more into the deep pockets, and her hand dropped untouched to her side.

"It might be dangerous to keep the music—We will not say farewell—there has been no parting, mind, no parting; you will always remember that? Sempre—per sempre—a riverderla—"

He stood a moment still, with a faint smile on his lips, and the moon lighting up his dark eyes; then he turned and walked quickly away, leaving her alone at the doorway. A great terror chilled her to the heart. In a dream of horror she let herself into the quiet house, and flung herself, helpless and tearless, on to the little white bed. In the morning they found her delirious with brain fever, which held her many weeks, so it was more than a month later when she heard the news that rang through the town the morning following the Wagner Concert. Castruccio, on leaving her, had returned to his rooms in the B—strasse, and shot himself dead.

S. MARION SWAN.

Two songs written by the late R. S. Hughes, probably the last he wrote, are about to be published. The MS. copy is in the possession of Mr. E. Jenkins ("Gwalia"), Landrindod Wells, who is the author of the words, and it bears the date of December 1892. One of the songs, "Cartref fy Mebyd," dedicated to Mr. Ben Davies, and will be sung by that public favourite at the Chicago International Eisteddfod next month.

## Stories of the Operas.

### II. TANNHÄUSER.

**W**HEN the Tannhäuser opera first saw the footlights—close on half a century ago—it met with a chilling reception, which is apt to surprise us now that the music has become “household tones” in the music-loving part of the community. But there is no real ground for surprise in the matter, for Tannhäuser was practically the first of the music-dramas, a form of art-work which was unfamiliar and bizarre to people nourished on the “old” opera. New ideas must grow—and grow slowly, as a rule, and the happy reunion between the sister arts of tone and dance and poetry which Wagner laboured to accomplish was not appreciated by a generation who only knew of these arts as separate presentations, developed in stunted apartness from each other. Happily, the tide has now turned. To-day there is hardly a single frequenter of the opera who has not watched a performance of “Tannhäuser,” and probably no one outside the ranks of the deaf has not heard a portion at least of the music.

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The well-known overture to “Tannhäuser” is something more than a prelude to the drama. Its completeness, its dramatic suggestiveness, its plain recital of a story were well expressed by Liszt when he described it as a “drama of sound preceding the drama of action.” The chief phrases which are woven into the music of the three acts of the opera are first heard in the overture, and appear in anecdotal sequence. Thus, the solemn theme of the Pardon Pilgrims is first given out by brass and wood, and immediately following is the Penitent Cry, plaintively sustained by strings, the atmosphere engendered being unmistakably one of prayer and renunciation of carnal delights. But before long there is a complete and startling change. In quick succession we hear from the orchestra strains of a quite opposite character. The musical themes named by commentators the “Bacchanalian Dance,” the “Riotous Shouts,” the “Passionate Yearning,” the “Cry of Delight,” and the “Sin’s Desire,” transport us into a region where sensual longing and revelry are uppermost. The insertion here of the melody of the “Hymn to Venus” expresses admirably the sensations induced by the change in the music. There is a later arrangement of the opera, wherein the overture ceases about this point, and the curtain rises. As played in England, however, the overture, according to the original score, is completed, and we hear amid the maddening swirl of the Venus music the Pilgrim motives once more, almost drowned at first in the exciting din, but gradually gaining strength, and indicating in the triumphant close of the overture the victory of the heavenly love over hell-born lust.

The first scene depicts the Venusberg. It is the apotheosis of the lust of the flesh. In a lake in the background naiads are bathing, sirens are reclining on the banks, nymphs are dancing, enkindling the flames of passion in the amorous couples who are lying around. The place is suffused with a rosy light. Venus herself is present, and kneeling beside her couch is the minstrel Tannhäuser. He has left his home and his friends and Elizabeth—the pure maiden who loves him—in the Wartburg, and strayed here to fall a victim to the magic allurements of the Sense-queen. Soon the dancers tire, overcome

with sensuous languor, and a rosy mist descends and hides them from view, leaving Venus and Tannhäuser alone in the foreground. The minstrel starts suddenly—he has dreamed of the chiming of bells—the spell which has bound him is beginning to break. In this unholy cave he cannot see the radiant sun nor the heaven’s starry splendour; all natural sights and sounds are lost to him; he would be free. With tender coaxing the love-queen seeks to detain him. She bids him take up his harp and sing to her. He obeys, and sings the wild and sensuous hymn in praise of the goddess, and of that form of passion associated with her rule. But the song is not likely to be pleasing to her, for the minstrel, in spite of his devotion, is possessed with a desire to return to the simple, alternating pains and pleasures of earth; the unbroken ecstasy of maddening pleasure which the goddess provides can only be borne by a god: the man begs release. Reproach, anger, love, alternately possess the fair enchantress. With piteous eagerness she employs every seductive art to hold her lover. Tannhäuser seeks to appease her by the reiteration of his hymn of praise, but always he ends his eulogy with a prayer for freedom, and Venus is at last defeated. She curses her whilom lover, but even in doing so promises him shelter when heaven refuses him. With a final effort of will he calls on the Queen of Heaven. It is enough; at the utterance of the sacred name “Maria,” Venus vanishes with a cry.

The scene instantly alters, and bright refreshing music marks the change from the cave of Venus to the sunlit Valley of the Wartburg. In this fresh earth-scene Tannhäuser finds himself, and overcome with gratitude he falls in prayer on the steps of a rustic shrine of the Virgin.

A young shepherd is singing gaily, but a more solemn note is soon struck. A band of pilgrims on their way to Rome pass, chanting, across the stage. The shepherd’s pipe and the bells of his flock sound fainter in the distance; the pilgrim’s chorus dies away too; and in this scene of peace the sin-laden minstrel breaks into fervent supplication to God, his utterance choked with tears, while far off is heard the pealing of church-bells.

Now a more lively strain is heard. A troop of huntsmen approach. Among them are the Landgrave and Tannhäuser’s brother-minstrels. They give the truant a joyous welcome—more especially Wolfram, Tannhäuser’s bosom-friend. Wolfram recounts how Tannhäuser’s power of song had won the heart of Elizabeth; Wolfram, too, loves Elizabeth, but of this he says nothing: he is content to rejoice in his friend’s fortune. The joyousness expressed at Tannhäuser’s return is heightened by the merry bustling of the huntsmen and attendants, who throng the stage with horses and hounds, and at this point the curtain falls.

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The joyful prelude to the second act prepares us for the glad scene which forms the bulk of the act. It is the Hall of Song in the Wartburg, and Elizabeth enters, and, possessed by joyful emotion at her errant lover’s return, pours out her heart in a noble song of greeting to this minstrel hall where first the singer had “traced the dream upon her heart.” Then Tannhäuser himself enters, accompanied by his faithful friend Wolfram, and we learn in the succeeding scene between the lovers—when Wolfram, having brought them together again, retires himself into the background, his own hopes crushed—how noble is his devotion to his comrade.

This episode forms a pathetic relief to the gladsome love-duet which ensues. There is another contrast hinted at in the music, when the Venus’s Curse motive is heard, reminding

us that the minstrel is not yet completely freed from his thralldom. At the conclusion of this scene Tannhäuser in a transport of gladness impetuously embraces Wolfram, and they go out together, to give place to the Landgrave, who now enters and learns from Elizabeth the secret of her love. Then follows the tournament of song, preceded by the well-known march, to the accompaniment of which knights and dames enter and seat themselves in readiness for the coming contest. After them follow the minstrels, who are bidden by the Landgrave to engage in the peaceful tournament of art, and attune their improvised songs to the praise of love. Pages collect the minstrels’ names in a cup, from which Elizabeth is to draw them one by one. The first drawn is Wolfram, and his theme is devout love. The song is greeted with approval, except by Tannhäuser, who rises to declare his contempt for this lofty devotion, and to contrast with it the wild delights of sensual passion. There is an ominous silence when Tannhäuser’s outburst is finished. Elizabeth would praise her lover, but timidly refrains. Another minstrel, Walter, rises now, and his song is in praise of the ideal passion which Wolfram had lauded. When it is ended, Tannhäuser again breaks on the applause with a reckless eulogy of unhallowed love, and is challenged to mortal combat by the minstrel Biterolf. A long scene of confusion now ensues, which is heightened when the bystanders learn that Tannhäuser has come back among them from the accursed Venusberg. Swords flash around the luckless minstrel, but his life is spared by Elizabeth. Deadly as is the wound Tannhäuser has inflicted on her, she will yet, like a true woman, champion her beloved in his distress. Her beautiful song of intercession calms down somewhat the anger of the men, and eventually Tannhäuser is commanded by the Landgrave to leave the Wartburg and go on pilgrimage. And now the solemn chant which we heard in the first act rises again as a band of pilgrims approaches. Plunged in remorse, Tannhäuser obeys the command to join them, and with the words “To Rome,” exclaimed by him and Elizabeth and everyone present, the curtain falls.

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After an orchestral introduction which, by its use of the themes of “Pilgrimage,” the “Feast of Grace,” the “Avowal of Belief,” the “Bitter Remorse,” the “Promise,” and the “Intercession,” brings to our minds the pilgrimage on which Tannhäuser was about to start at the end of the second act, the curtain rises on the last division of the drama, and discloses again the Wartburg valley at evening time. The solitary figure of Elizabeth kneels on the steps of the rustic shrine in silent prayer for her sinning lover. This is now her constant occupation, as we learn from the opening words of Wolfram, who approaches, worshipping the lady of his lofty love and praying she may never feel his anguish.

A train of pilgrims draws near chanting the theme of “Pardon.” It is the same band returning from Rome whom we saw in the first act pass this spot on their way thither. As they kneel in thankful praise at the shrine Elizabeth walks round them, eagerly scanning their faces, but her beloved is not among them, and when they have passed away she flings herself again before the Virgin’s image, and addresses her in the great “Prayer of Intercession,” a song whose words and music alike present to us the passion and renunciation which are rending the maiden’s heart and causing her life to ebb away. When she rises Wolfram begs to be permitted to guide her homewards, but the request is denied to the faithful knight, and Elizabeth, mutely thanking

him, proceeds slowly and alone up the rocky path leading to the Wartburg, while from the orchestra sounds again the phrase representing the "Praise of Lofty Love."

Wolfram, left alone, accompanies his sad monologue on his harp. Its music attracts a wanderer—none other than Tannhäuser, who, as night falls, enters. He does not carry the palmer's cross like the other pilgrims, and he betrays disappointment when he finds that the harping comes not from Venus. For he has not received pardon (the musical accompaniment of his entry being the gloomy "Papal Ban" instead of the "Heavenly Pardon" theme announces this), and, spurned by heaven and the world, he is now once more seeking the heathen goddess of love as she had foretold. He recites to Wolfram the story of his pilgrimage—how in tears and prayer and mortification of the flesh he had sought absolution before the papal throne, but had been declared evermore accursed. Then is heard a repetition of the musical phrases expressive of the pleasures of the Venusberg as Tannhäuser calls on the goddess. A rosy light suffuses the darkness, and to Wolfram's horror, Venus with her nymphs appears and welcomes the returning truant. Frantically does Wolfram try to hold his friend back, but without success until he ejaculates the name "Elizabeth." That name rouses Tannhäuser, and he repeats it. It breaks the spell, for the maiden has died and is now a saint in heaven. With a cry of baffled sorrow the love-queen vanishes as a funeral enters. At the foot of the shrine where the girl who had given her life for her lover had interceded so often for him they deposit the bier, before which Tannhäuser, now dying, sinks, and the redemption which a woman's sacrifice has won him in spite of priestly bans is voiced in the theme of "Heavenly Pardon," which is chanted by a second band of pilgrims, and joined in by all present as the drama closes.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the version of an old-world myth which Wagner has woven into the "art-stuff" of a music-drama, and in studying it its mysticism should always be borne in mind. It is necessary to beware of mere literalism, which can only present a false view of the tragedy. It is not a eulogy of asceticism, but an allegory of the great composer's disgust at the sordid, satiating pleasure which an age of Christian commercial civilization offers, and the longing after a real and lofty life.

## In the Back Office.

**T**HE JUNIOR CLERK. Is it in order to discuss Wagner?

**THE CYNIC.** Is what in order to discuss Wagner?

**THE JUNIOR CLERK.** Smart—ain't you? I merely want to mention a fact in connection with the production of "Tristan" a few weeks since.

**OUR LIVE DICTIONARY.** Oh, I say, you can hardly call that discussing Wagner.

**THE CYNIC.** Never mind, my boy, go on.

**THE JUNIOR CLERK.** Well, an old aunt of mine who lives in the country had never been to an opera, and as she was staying here I took her to "Tristan." After the first act she wept; after the second, boiled over with rage so that I couldn't get a word from her; after the third, wept again so copiously that we had to go home in a cab instead of the bus. Next morning I hurt her feelings badly by asking if she understood what it was all about. She wouldn't

speak to me for several days. But the other day I drew her. You know my charming way—

**THE CYNIC.** Yes, we know it—

**THE JUNIOR CLERK.** "Oh, Johnny," she said, "why didn't Isoldy let him marry her darter?" "Her what?" said I. "Her darter—Brangener. Why couldn't an old ooman like her—married too—let Tristan marry the darter?" And I found she had worked out the story on another basis than the recognised one. Thus: Isolda, Brangaena's mother; Tristan, engaged to Brangaena; King Mark, Isolda's husband and Brangaena's father. My aunt muddled it out that Isolda unawfully admires Tristan, and that in the second act when Brangaena's voice is heard Tristan wants to rush off to his fiancée, but Isolda quiets him by saying she'll be there presently; she doesn't come, and there's an exciting fight between the two, and when the people rush in Tristan gets damaged because he has used such language to the king's wife.

**THE CYNIC.** Very ingenious; but I don't believe a word of it. Nevertheless, appearances somewhat justified your aunt's view.

**THE REPUBLICAN** (*as usual starting angrily from behind his newspaper*). Have you seen to-day's papers? Listen! (*reads*) "It was the proudest moment of my life when I was presented to your Queen, and I never thought, when conducting other men's comic operas round the provincial towns of Italy so as to feed my wife and children, that I should conduct my own work before the Queen of England at her Court. I should have been well repaid to have bowed before and kissed the hand of so gracious and so grand a lady; but when she not only praised my work in far from conventional terms, but questioned me about my method, and discussed with me various forms and schools of music, I lost all my shyness, and felt I could speak as to an artist and a connoisseur who would understand and appreciate. I was quite surprised at her Majesty's knowledge and desire of it. She had noted and understood all what my critics call my 'tricks,' even to my constant changing of the key, which Mr. Glover had so cleverly and so amusingly parodied in his score at the Palace Theatre, and it was evident that her desire to meet me was not mere idle curiosity, for she expressed a wish to hear more of my work. I feel very happy, as I know her kind words will give genuine pleasure to my wife and children and all my friends. You English are very wonderful in all your phases, for you are always saying you are an unmusical nation, and yet you take good care to secure all that you hear is good, and to have it rendered better than in any country in the world, and the highest and the lowest patronise it if they approve." Who do you think said that?

**THE CYNIC.** Wagner?

**THE REPUBLICAN.** Wagner be—hanged! Mascagni, the red-hot Republican, the sulphurous socialist Mascagni!

**THE CYNIC.** Well?

**OUR IDEALIST.** I know what maddened you. But I'm not grieved that the young man has dropped his Republican nonsense. What vexes me is that he is so calmly self-confident about his work being "good." No great artist thinks that way. In a couple of years Mascagni will be forgotten, and then his speeches will read very funny.

**OUR CRITIC.** That's all nonsense. A great man always knows that he is a great man, and often says it.

**THE CYNIC.** The deuce is that so many who are not great men think and say it too.

(*The REPUBLICAN and the IDEALIST glower in silence.*)

**THE CYNIC.** Do you see our friend *Musical News* has been stirring you up?

**OUR CRITIC.** You mean me?

**THE CYNIC.** Yes; hear. "The July issue of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, in its notice of Sarasate's concert, referring to Bernard's suite, says, 'The performance of the suite was intolerably bad. It was my misfortune to have seats near the platform, where the monotonous beat, beat, beat, beat of Sir William Cusins's foot was all too audible. Every time I go to these concerts I am more convinced that the orchestra would play better without such a conductor.'"

**OUR CRITIC.** Well, any comment?

**THE CYNIC.** Certainly. "Our contemporary is too blunt."

**OUR CRITIC.** Shade' of Mozart! Our junior clerk could have done something smarter than that.

**THE CYNIC.** One smart paragraph would illuminate the ghastly dulness of everything else in the paper and ruin it. And you wouldn't have that, surely!

**OUR CRITIC** (*reflectively*). Ah, no! (*pause*).

\* \* \* \* \* **THE JUNIOR CLERK.** Our Critic's "squeezed." **THE CYNIC.** I'm afraid not. Mr. *Musical News* forgets that only a giant can kill with a "blunt" missile. He is not a giant, and should employ someone who can throw barbed shafts on occasion.

**OUR CRITIC.** Let him go on. For my own part, I'm delighted to be condemned by the paper that spoke of "I Pagliacci" as a rising Italian composer.

## Promenade Concerto Again.



**ESSRS. FARLEY, SINKINS AND CO.**, have determined to try a season of promenade concerts at Covent Garden. Mr. Frederic H. Cowen will conduct, Mr. G. H. Betjemann will be leader and deputy conductor, and a number of more or less first-rate orchestral players have been engaged. Messrs. Sinkins tell me they intend to have nothing but good music, and I hope they will make it pay on that basis. I hope also that the alcoholic element will be subdued, so to speak, otherwise there can be little hope of success. Good music won't attract those who want to drink, and those who want good music are not likely to come if alcohol and its concomitants are in the ascendant.

I CAME across a story in *Woman* regarding Madame Schumann. Whenever she is going to play any of her husband's music in public—so we are told—she reads over some of the old love-letters he wrote her during the courting days, so that, as she says, she "may be better able to do justice to her interpretations of the spirit of his work." Madame Schumann, although over seventy, is one of the busiest women in Frankfort. She gives more individual lessons to her pupils than would be expected from a much younger woman. The younger pupils are taken in hand by Madame Schumann's two unmarried daughters until they are sufficiently advanced to require more than elementary teaching. She is idolised by all of the many young women who repair to Frankfort from all parts of Europe for their musical education. In this connection, I hear that Professor Niecks, of Edinburgh, is engaged on a "Life of Schumann" which will be more comprehensive than any that has yet appeared.

## Interview with Mr.

G. J. South

(ORGANIST OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL).



THE residence of the cathedral organist at Salisbury is not unfamiliar to me. Years ago, in my student days, it was occupied by an old friend to whose advice and interest I am still indebted. It is a charming house, nestling away in its own corner of the Close—the most beautiful Close in England—looking out upon the glorious cathedral, which stands in unrivalled stateliness in the midst of a wealth of green and trees.

Mr. South was engaged for a few minutes when I called upon him for the purpose of this interview, so I had time to glance round the well-remembered room into which I was ushered. The same, yet not the same! As I knew it formerly, the apartment had a distinctly family air about it, but the present organist of Salisbury Cathedral is a bachelor, and he will forgive me for saying that this is a bachelor's room. Piles of music are heaped everywhere, on chairs, tables, and window-sills; the piano stands carelessly open, and there is an air of simplicity and abandon about the place which tells its own story.

The greeting I received from Mr. South was cordial in the extreme. He is a youthful-looking man, with crisp, curly hair, and a face full of mirth, and his manner is just what one would expect from his appearance—animated, genial, and unaffected. That he is an enthusiast in his art is evident from the rapid way in which he discusses all matters connected with it. Organs and organ-playing are his pet subjects, and his earnest replies to my questions respecting his favourite instrument and his church duties generally convinced me at once that I was talking with a man whose heart was in his work.

"I give you notice," he says with a merry smile, as I produce my note-book, "you will find very little in my career to write about. I can tell you my entire history in five minutes, and if you can make anything interesting out of it, I shall be more than surprised."

Undaunted, I pursued my interrogatories, and

gleaned the interesting information I had come in search of.

Mr. South claims to be a real Londoner. He was born in King Edward Street, and was christened Charles Frederick. He received his first musical instruction from his mother and sister, both of whom were accomplished pianists, and at the age of thirteen commenced the study of the organ under the guidance of his brother Henry, the present organist of St. Matthias, Richmond.

"I think I was always fond of music," said Mr. South, "particularly of the organ. I recollect how delighted I used to be when, a very little boy, I was allowed to go with my parents to St. Sepulchre's Church, and listen to the playing of George Cooper, who ultimately became my master. I am afraid, though, I was too much like other boys to work as I ought, and, although I displayed great eagerness for the organ, when my lessons began I neglected practice sadly. I must have made some progress, however, for I frequently deputised for my brother before I was fifteen; and when I was taken to George Cooper he said that I had been so well taught that my brother should have the credit of my playing."

Mr. South has a profound veneration for his late master. He frankly declares that he owes his present position entirely to the care and attention bestowed upon him by George Cooper, and naturally enough singles him out as the greatest organist he has ever known.

"Cooper and I were great friends to the end," remarks Mr. South, as we stand before a picture of the deceased musician, which occupies a place of honour in the drawing-room. "I played for him during his last week at St. James's Chapel, and—yes, thereby hangs a story.

"I was staying at Buxton for the summer holiday—it was in the year 1876—when I received a letter from Mrs. Cooper asking me to play for her husband at the Chapel Royal on St. Bartholomew's Day. As the festival fell on Thursday, and I had not intended to leave Derbyshire until Saturday, I wrote Mrs. Cooper stating the case, and asking her to wire again if it was absolutely necessary that I should come. I received no reply, and made up my mind that the matter was not urgent. On the Wednesday evening, however, I was prompted by some feeling which I cannot describe to return to London, and the next morning walked into the organ loft at St. James's. Finding no organist there, I inquired who was going to play. 'Mr. South,' was the reply; and true enough, if I had not happened, by what seemed the merest chance, to arrive on the scene, there would have been no organ at the Royal Chapel that day. I took the service on the following Sunday, and the next week the Chapel was closed. Before the time came for re-opening, George Cooper was dead."

Before receiving his present appointment, Mr. South was organist of St. Augustine and St. Faith's Church, Watling Street, where he was immensely popular with choir and congregation. He came to Salisbury in 1883, and during his residence here has gained the affection of all with whom he has been brought into contact. He speaks with satisfaction of the good feeling existing between himself and his choir.

"There can be no doubt," he remarks, "that many organists lose touch with their choirs from a sheer lack of enthusiasm. They display no interest in their services; they absent themselves from their duties and leave pupils to take their places; till at last the members of their choirs catch the same spirit of indifference. Like organist, like choir. If one is careless, slipshod, indolent, so is the other. If one is painstaking and enthusiastic, so is the other."

Here, then, is the key to Mr. South's success as a cathedral organist. He is an accomplished player, with the ability not only to deal readily and effectively with anything that can be written expressly for his instrument, but also to realise upon it compositions designed for the various combinations of the modern orchestra. He is this—and more. He is regular, industrious, patient. Week in, week out, he is at his post, and thinks no trouble too great in the preparation and the rendering of the music which forms so important a part of the services of the cathedral.

Mr. South has a hobby—his garden. To it he devotes much of his leisure time, and as I saw it on a lovely June day, it was indeed beautiful with beds and banks of ferns, calceolarias and scarlet geraniums. From this garden, the practice room, a spacious building well adapted for its purpose, is reached. Here the choristers are trained, and pupils receive lessons. A two-manual organ stands at one end, a pedal-piano in the centre, and the whole room has an air of business about it which contrasts strangely with its surroundings. One solitary engraving adorns the walls, and this is not without interest. It is a quaint sketch of a primitive organ, described as having been "made for Salisbury Cathedral in the year 1710 by Mr. Renatus Harris."

"Your present organ is, I believe, a very fine one," I said inquiringly.

"It is one of the most perfect cathedral instruments in the world. You know, of course, it was built by Henry Willis, the king of organ builders, and that fact of itself is sufficient guarantee of its excellence and completeness. It has four manuals, 55 speaking stops (including two 32 ft. open on the pedals) and nine couplers. To each manual there are four combination pistons, which, when pressed with the thumb or any available finger, act upon small bellows of compressed air, and by causing these to expand, push the various groups of stops in or out. Beside these, there are four composition pedals to the pedal organ. Altogether the instrument is worthy of the name of Henry Willis, who by his consummate skill and diligent study has brought about a revolution in organ-building, and to whom, more than any other man, organists must acknowledge their indebtedness."

Mr. South is the composer of a number of works, chiefly for church use, but he is excessively modest when reference is made to them.

"I have written one or two things for my own choirs," he says, "and that is all."

"But these have been so successful, why not write more?"

"Because I am chary of adding to the rubbish which is so plentiful at the present time," is the characteristic reply.

The clock of the Cathedral strikes the hour when I must take leave of the genial musician.

"Have you got what you want?" he inquires, as I rise to go.

"Yes. Stay, there is one thing more I should like."

"What is that?"

"A recipe for making successful organists."

"Hard work!" H. B.

"SIGNOR MASCAGNI was entertained at dinner by the Prince of Wales on Sunday night, and afterwards the young composer went on to the large reception arranged in his honour by Sir Augustus and Lady Harris at their house in Regent's Park." So at least say the evening papers, and I hope Mascagni was entertained.

## English National Opera.

(Concluded from page 163.)

HAVE spoken of the direction development will take ; it now remains to consider the time-element—how long will it take to work out these modifications ? It seems to me the process will be slow. Choice of subject and mode of treatment are both influenced by their varying adaptability to some already existing form, the modification of that form may be hastened or hindered by a liking for or prejudice against certain classes of subject. An artist having many things to say, and but little time in which to say them, not only takes the forms requiring least alteration—he will also say first that which can be spoken most easily under existing conditions. This may be seen in other arts. The first stone architecture was merely an imitation of the older wooden structures. When Europe began to break loose from the stagnating curse of primitive puritanism, when men cast away swathes from their eyes, and, looking round on the world, saw it was beautiful and held wonders inexhaustible—even then the past held back the present awhile. Painters went on painting Madonnas and saints—took the symbols of the old religion to express the very emotions which that religion (the dogmas of which they themselves still intellectually clung to) bade them suppress as worldly and of the flesh. The first operas were mere barren imitations of the old Greek music-drama. Thus the wraiths of them that have gone into the darkness wind themselves beseechingly around us : they would fain be remembered yet a little while. But ultimately the trammels of the past must be thrown off. The artist, more than other men, lives, and must live, in the present moment. Whilst learning his craft he may use the older forms, he must indeed serve a faithful apprenticeship of pouring other men's wine into the old bottles ; but for the new wine of the days of his mastery new bottles are also required.

If my premises and inferences are sound, what claim have the works produced by Mr. Rosa or Mr. Carte to the name National ? In dramatic form they are mere imitations of the German form, and contain all its incongruities and (to the English) distasteful peculiarities. In none of them is the literary portion anything better than the merest commonplace ; none of the subjects are in any way modern, of the kind we have seen to be necessary if the English public is to be "hit home." The music, I have already said, is thoroughly German. Our composers have hitherto sought merely to obtain "local colour" by the use of this or that characteristic chord or melodic phrase. One gentleman alone claims to have written English music. Mr. Frederick Cowen boasted that in a recent Cantata he had obtained a genuine English flavour, chiefly by avoiding the use of the diminished seventh. As well might an imitation of Bacon or Chaucer be deemed accurate because the word Ibsenism or betterment or mahatma could not be found therein. Something more is required than the negative virtue of avoiding the diminished seventh or any other chord. Mr. Cowen's music, said Mr. Bernard Shaw, resembled English music much as Mr. Goschen resembles the late Mr. W. H. Smith. So that in form, subject, and music these operas have been of a kind unacceptable, even distasteful, to the English people. And we must

bear in mind that they were also inaccessible ; for to the majority of the nation admittance involved payment of half-a-crown and a wait of several hours in the open air.

To sum up, that for which the slow growth of years is needed, Mr. Rosa and Mr. Carte hoped to accomplish, like the building of Aladdin's palace, in a single successful night ; hoped to accomplish, too, under conditions which made the task an impossible one, even if there was eternity to do it in. And we must remember, that if they had succeeded in establishing their opera, we should have been as far as ever, perhaps further, from seeing a truly English opera established.

### PART II.

I now hasten to balk the Intelligent Reader by myself putting the question he is burning to ask : Where is the nation to which opera of serious artistic purpose will be acceptable ? What nation lives a life of such nobility and high aim that the very purest distillate of its habitual thoughts and feelings will be of sufficient beauty and dignity to be entitled to the name of a work of art ? England, it has been said, is divided into two nations, the rich and the poor ; which is the chosen people—the rich, leading a life of idleness, relieved by a little work, or the poor, toiling through a weary existence made just tolerable by a little idleness ?

In answer to my own question I am bound to say that in England neither rich nor poor are prepared to produce or accept a serious opera. An expression of the common thoughts and feelings of the rich never can be a work of art, for they are vulgar, frivolous, insincere thoughts and feelings. Did this refined, university-educated class ever yet accept anything good in art ? does it not now revel in such epitomes of its own life as the Gaiety and Alhambra burlesques and ballets ? is not Piccadilly the Holy Temple where so many of its earnest devotees do nightly adore their goddesses ? is not the Divorce Court the haven where many look to find rest sooner or later ? On the other hand, the workers, forespent with toil, pre-occupied too with bitter thoughts of their own hard lot and the easy life of the parasites who grow fat on the fruits of their labour ; it seems not surprising to me that these helots, on whom is laid the iniquity of the nineteenth century, should be quite uninterested in opera and every other art. Imagine, well-fed reader, that you have been brought up amidst squalor, hunger, and ugliness, that you live from hand to mouth, uncertain of food, shelter, clothes, and indeed most things save that you will surely die in the workhouse, would you (under these circumstances) care greatly about the ideal emotions and intellectual questions with which art is concerned ? Would you not rather be desirous to forget life and thoughts of misery in the easiest possible way, in watching (from the sixpenny gallery) those same shows of the rich, in steeping your soul in the Lethe stream that flows from the rum-bottle ? Let us expect little of the poor. Let us rather marvel that they are not more instead of less brutally selfish and immoral than their despilers, the rich. There is nothing in their life that is sweet to express, that can be expressed at all in forms of beauty ; an expression of their common feelings cannot be, any more than those of the rich, a work of art ; and, therefore, no work of art can be wholly acceptable to them.

But, in each of these two nations there is a certain number of individuals possessing that highest refinement of energy manifested as the appreciation of beauty, and these individuals we may class together, irrespective of worldly position, and call a third nation ; a nation

which, though small, is yet the leaven which must ultimately permeate the whole human mass. It is this nation which has kept art alive in England in the past. It is to this nation I look to see the work of preparation for a national opera begun and carried on. And it is to this nation I suggest the conditions necessary for the growth and healthy continuance of such an opera, and also what seem to me the best modes of attaining those conditions.

First, the development of a truly national life ; and the raising of the national ideal, the ideal of the average man. National art is the expression of national life ; if the latter does not exist, why, then — ! And at present it does not exist. The war of rich with poor, of rich man with rich man, poor man with poor man, has utterly destroyed the last remnants of it. When we look into it we find that national life is the result of the average man's ideal being one which can be realised only by its being permitted to the whole nation to share in the benefit or gratification of that realisation. The desire for a life free from the Papal yoke, for instance, animated and consolidated Elizabethan England. The Greek ideal—life full, noble, beautiful, and, above all things, heroic—resulted in the most glorious and complete national life there has yet been. For every man sought to increase the fulness of his own life by sharing by sympathy the joys and sorrows of his neighbour ; every man knew that he himself was a loser if his neighbour were debarred from living a full life ; and, as in Elizabethan England later, every man knew that his only chance of preservation from the forces of destruction outside lay in the unity of the whole nation. Even Germany at the period of the production of her national opera had a truly national life, though of a quieter kind. The country was split up into a thousand states and principalities ; but there were no very rich and no very poor : the average citizen had an interest in his country's preservation, for he had something to lose by its destruction. But what has the English wage-slave of to-day to lose ? Why, nothing, for no foreign conqueror could oppress him more cruelly than his English exploiter. Our lack of national life to-day is the direct result of our individualistic ideal : to become rich, even if everyone else becomes poor. To resurrect national life we must animate the average man with a higher and a living ideal ; an ideal which he can realise only by sharing the benefit of that realisation with his fellows. It must be brought home to the English people that the true end of life is not to pile together money, but to live happily, and that happy living lies in peace, mutual sympathy, and the enjoyment of art. This ideal can be attained only by the people *en masse*, not by the individual, and when the desire for its realisation burns in the blood of every English man and woman we shall see a national life indeed. Wherefore, it is the duty of the third nation not to selfishly stand aloof and "live its own life," but to enter into the combat, to preach the truer ideal, and to show in every way the beauty and value of it ; and, as first steps towards the attainment of it, to educate the rich to a sense of their responsibilities, to raise the status of the wage-slave until he has reason to have an interest in the national welfare. For long all talk of the joy of art and the foulness and miserableness of the money-grubbing life will fall on deaf ears. Whilst you expound the beauty of the Venus of Milo, the commercial man will be wondering what she would fetch for mantel-pieces in the open market, the geologist will be longing to chip off her nose, the chemist to boil her in his acids, the burlesque-manager will be dreaming of her appearance on his stage in short skirts

or tights. But man is mortal, and happily the Philistine is man; he cannot live for ever, and it is in our power to catch and rightly educate the rising generation. All our energies must be directed to seeing that art is taught, and taught properly, in schools; not one art alone, but all arts. A love of beauty should be developed in children from their earliest years by the substitution of bright sunny colours for the present dingy, joy-destroying hues of our school walls; by frequently setting children to reproduce with paints the *colours* of a rose, geranium, or any object of which the colour is bright and good. From the first they should be encouraged to imitate the form of the object, but no degree of exactness should be required until the children themselves desire it. Appreciation of colour precedes appreciation of form; our present mode of teaching "art" is absolutely wrong and contrary to nature; it is impossible to over-estimate the harm caused and the hatred of true art engendered by forcing children to painfully and exactly reproduce in outline only some bare, uninteresting, nay, often hideous design.

Second, the *singing and playing of true and beautiful, instead of rotten and ugly, music in our Board and other schools, both by scholars and teachers; and the thorough musical education of the latter.* To those who hold that music does not form part of a complete education, I have nothing to say. But may I suggest to those who "do not object to it" that, however little music there is in schools, it should at any rate be good music. Children take as naturally to that as to bad music, but at present they are brought up exclusively on the vilest stuff ever penned—the effusions of Root, Kuhe, Smith, and the thousand and one other sham music-manufacturers of the day; consequently, it is at present necessary for people desirous of "improving themselves" to perform the double task of forgetting their taste for false music and learning to like the true. Until the time arrives for the recognition of the full importance of music as a factor in education, much may be done by teaching children the simple but beautiful melodies of Haydn, Mozart, Weber, and Beethoven, and by giving them frequent opportunities of hearing the greater works. But we will see children properly musically educated only when their teachers have gone through the process. My experience coincides with that of most who have known many schoolmasters. I find them ignorant of whatever lies outside their profession, I find them unwilling to learn, I find them incredibly Philistine in matters artistic. Consequently, they know little of music, what they know is of the poorest quality, and they are unwilling to believe there is anything better than they know. Let them be taught to play, to sing, to understand the principles and theory of music; it will improve and broaden many of them, it may make many of them pedants. But they are the latter anyhow, and better a knowing pedant than an ignorant one. If they are to be saved from pedanticism they must be able to hear good music whenever they wish. So ought those also who are not teachers, for only in that way can music become to them as their native language. For this purpose, as well as to afford our composers opportunities of developing their powers and bringing before the public the fruits of those powers when matured, I regard as imperative this condition which I place

Last, the establishment of one or more municipal opera-houses, and a permanent municipal orchestra, supported by the municipality in every town. There is small musical enterprise in England just now, for the risk is too great for the unbusiness-like artistic mind to undertake,

and the reward too small to tempt the business mind. If the first check could be removed, the latter would be salutary in its effects. Let there be opera-houses to be had rent-free, and a small sum—say £200 a year—guaranteed for the living of anyone who undertakes to run one, and I venture to say that opera will soon become popular here as in Germany; the opera-houses will soon not only cease to be an expense to the municipality, but may even pay a profit, though that profit will be for long (happily) insufficient to tempt the spectacle-monger and burlesque-manufacturer. Permanent orchestras can be established on the same lines. There is nothing novel in the proposal. Museums, art-galleries and free-libraries form excellent precedents. The advantages are so great, the disadvantages (*i.e.*, the expense) so small, that it seems to me nothing but British indifference to music has prevented the scheme becoming an established fact long since. To the many who will object that such institutions always get into the hands of cliques, I would merely ask a question: Are things any better now in that respect, and are they not much worse in other respects? At least, the public will have a thousand opportunities of hearing good music for one it now has, and our composers will have ten thousand times or more their present chances of seeing their work produced. Moreover, my scheme has this additional recommendation—it affords a fine opening for philanthropic millionaires such as the picture-loving gentleman whose offers were treated with such contempt by the late Government. Let such give or bequeath their superfluous money to build and endow opera-houses and results will soon be shown.

To my mind there is every reason to be hopeful for the future of English opera. We have seen that the English have refused the false article hitherto offered them. We have seen that certain qualities must characterise the genuine article, and the fact that many of those qualities are present in Wagnerian opera is a powerful support to my contention—for Wagner's are the most popular of all operas with the English. And it seems to me that by following to some extent the road he opened out, yet remaining true to ourselves as Englishmen, by becoming convinced of the necessity of the conditions of the production of a national opera as I have laid them down, and by working with our whole energies to secure those conditions, will we arrive most speedily at the goal: *an opera acceptable and accessible to the whole English nation.*

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE music trade in London is becoming exceedingly remarkable, not unfortunately for the quality of the pieces, but for their astounding quantity. It is calculated that during the past year over 600 pieces of music were published monthly in London. Unhappily very few of these are likely to survive, although all bear the impress of an increased study and knowledge of what is called musical technique. The influence of Wagner and his school is manifest, especially in the accompaniments of songs, which are generally far more elaborate than the vocal scores—a great fault, since it is very often difficult to get anybody to accompany at the piano. The vocal music, therefore, is distinctly inferior to the instrumental, and we have nothing like the good old songs of the earlier part of the century, such as were given us often by such composers as Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, Glover, and the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen." There is a lamentable lack of tune in modern songs, which the authors, I think, erroneously imagine can be compensated for by a rather ostentatious display of their knowledge of the science of music.

## Welsh Memo and Musings.

BY IDRIS MAENGWYN.

### EISTEDDFOD AT BRIDGEND.

#### CHORAL COMPETITIONS.

**G**LORIOUS summer weather favoured the above meeting a fortnight ago. Musical adjudicators: Messrs. Jno. Thomas, Llanwrtyd, and R. C. Jenkins, Llanelli.

#### PIANOFORTE SOLO COMPETITION (12 competitors).

Test piece: Bennett's "The Lake." Prize, £1 1s. Best—Misses Maggie Davies and May Griffiths, Maesteg. The prize was divided.

#### SOPRANO SOLO COMPETITION (9 competitors).

Test piece: "Bid me discourse." Prize, £1 1s. Best—Miss Beatrice Edwards, Cardiff.

#### CONTRALTO SOLO COMPETITION (14 competitors).

Test piece: Adams's "Holy City." Prize, £1 1s. Best—Miss Gwen Foster, Pen-y-Graig.

#### TENOR SOLO COMPETITION (15 competitors).

Test piece: Dr. Parry's "Amcanai'r Tywyso." Prize, £1 1s. Best—Mr. W. T. Davies, Maesteg, and Mr. Alfred Evans, Aberdare. Prize divided.

#### BASS SOLO COMPETITION (28 competitors).—Test piece: Hatton's "Revenge." Prize, £1 1s. Best—Mr. J. Lewis, Cardiff.

#### TENOR AND BASS DUET COMPETITION (11 parties competed).—Test piece: "Bydd Vur i Gymru Fad" (Davies). Prize, £2 2s. Best—Gwynalan and Friend, Ferndale.

#### CHIEF CHORAL COMPETITION (3 choirs competed).

Test piece: "Thanks be to God." Names of choirs: 1. Taibach United Choir (conductor, Mr. Singleton, G. and L.); 2. Merthyr Choral Society (conductor, Mr. Dan Davies); 3. Neath United Choir (conductor, Mr. Jno. Arnold). Prize, £100, and a silver medal to the conductor. Best—No. 2 (Merthyr).

MALE VOICE CHORAL COMPETITION, 3 entries, viz.: 1. Pontycymmer Glee Society (conductor, Mr. Tom Richards); 2. Rhondda Glee Society (conductor, Mr. Tom Stephens); 3. Maesteg Choir (conductor, Mr. Evan Jenkins). Test piece: Ambroise Thomas's "The Tyrol." Prize, £40, and a gold medal. The prize was divided between the first-named two choirs. An excellent competition. The fact that both choirs have resolved to compete at the Great International Eisteddfod at Chicago invested the competition with special interest, and it is not therefore to be wondered that an enormous crowd assembled to witness the interesting and important competition.

### MUSIC AT LLANDUDNO.

HITHERTO Llandudno has been content with one grand orchestra under the directorship of M. Riviere. Now there is another, conducted by Mr. A. Gwilym Crowe. This prodigality in music is due to a little quarrel between the pier directors and M. Riviere, in consequence of which a pretty temporary concert hall was erected at the Craig-y-don end of the town by the Victoria Palace Company, with M. Riviere as musical director, and Mr. Gwilym Crowe succeeds M. Riviere at the pier.

At the first concert in the pavilion, Mr. Crowe had at his disposal the finest orchestra that ever appeared in Llandudno, the combination including ten first and eight second violins, four violas, five 'cellos, four contra-basses, and the usual complement of wind instruments, the leader being Mr. Arthur Payne, R.A.M., of the Guildhall School, London, and the total strength of the orchestra fifty-three performers. The performance on the first night was excellent under Mr. Crowe's baton, and the selection from "William Tell" was vociferously encored. The chief vocalist was Miss Evangeline Florence, who delighted the audience. Her rendering of Venzano's "Grand Valse" with orchestral accompaniment was very fine. She possesses a pure soprano voice of remarkable compass: as someone in the audience remarked, "She seems to have no top to her voice." In her first song she simply astounded us. After rippling higher and higher, until we began to

hold our breath with suspense, she, after making her last triumphant run up the scale, uttered a single note of such remarkable pureness, height, and sweetness, that the audience hardly waited till it died away, but burst into a rapturous handclapping and stamping. The other vocalists were Mr. Charles Chilley, tenor, and Miss Sarah Berry, contralto, who commenced a week's engagement. Mr. W. R. Moor, Manchester, is the piano soloist and accompanist. The Pier Company announce during the season Madame Marie Roze, Miss Clara Butt, Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Conway, Miss Jeanie Rankin, Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Maggie Davies, etc.; Messrs. H. Piercy, W. Ludwig, Bantock Pierpoint, Ffrangcon Davies, A. S. Kinnell, the Meister Glee Singers, etc.

There was also a great crowd at the opening of M. Riviere's temporary concert hall, which has been erected to accommodate from 1,500 to 2,000 people. The exterior of the building is not prepossessing, but the interior is nicely decorated and made as attractive as possible. M. Riviere's orchestra numbers forty-two musicians, with Mr. J. Saunders as leader and solo violin. The vocalists were Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Miss Dews, Miss C. Russell, and the Bangor Choral Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Broome. The grand march "Inauguration," composed expressly for the occasion by Riviere, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Augusta Mostyn, was rendered. In this march the orchestra rejoiced one by its euphony and great niceness in all technical details. The violins developed an astonishing amount of power without thereby injuring the fineness of the sound, and the wood instruments distinguished themselves by their beautiful tone. As regards the composition, though excellent in itself, it is chiefly so to those who can thoroughly appreciate the artistic labour involved in its production. Mdlle. Trebelli is so perfect a mistress of tone, and her performance has such deep feeling, that she holds her audience enthralled. Her rendering of the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" (Meyerbeer), was simply wonderful, and she had no sooner commenced the song than a deep stillness pervaded the crowd, who were held spellbound by her pre-eminent style, her charming voice, and the vivacity of her delivery. At the conclusion of the song the applause was deafening; cheer after cheer rang through the hall, and the artiste, who treated her audience to another song, was presented with a beautiful bouquet by Madame Riviere. The performance of the "Hungarian Rhapsody" brought the first part of the programme to a close, rather later than was expected, owing to the number of encores.

After an interval of fifteen minutes the Choral Society, accompanied by the orchestra, sang the Welsh National Anthem, "Hen wlad fy Nhadau." During the performance of this piece the audience stood up and joined in a grand chorus. The Italian Serenade, "Sorento," for string instruments, was skilfully treated, and the general effect was capital.

Miss Dews contributed "The Carnival" (Mollo), and her rendering of it served to still further establish her in the estimation of her audience, certain parts of the song serving to show that her fine contralto voice is equally admirable in the mezzo and lower registers.

Of the treatment of the part-song, "Blow, soft Wind of Spring," which was sung unaccompanied, it is impossible to speak too highly. Mr. Broome has for some years been so uniformly successful in training his choir, that the high anticipations which were naturally formed were exceeded by the result. The orchestra gave also a selection from Bizet's opera, "Carmen," arranged by Riviere, in a commendable manner; and the "Hallelujah Chorus," sung by the Choral Society with orchestral accompaniment, concluded one of the best concerts ever heard in Llan-dudno.

At the conclusion of the concert there were loud cries for M. Riviere, who at length appeared amidst loud cheering from all parts of the hall, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs in every direction. M. Riviere appeared extremely pleased with his reception, and spoke a few words, thanking the audience for their attendance and their great kindness to himself and his wife, remarking, "This looks well," which was loudly echoed, and one which no one can gainsay who was present on this most auspicious event.

#### CORRIS EISTEDDFOD.

ONE of the chief features of the above was the Brass Band Competition. Two entries, viz., Newtown Silver Band, led by Mr. H. C. Taylor; and the Corris Brass Band, led by Mr. Glyn Owen.—*Test piece*: "We never will bow down." Prize, £10. The adjudicator was Mr. D. Emlyn Evans. His adjudication was as follows: "The four chief essentials in music were tone, time, tune and sentiment. The first band (Newtown) made very clear tones—there was no cracking or forcing, except, perhaps, that the attack on the *tempo giusto* was a little harsh. The bass was good throughout—a troublesome thing generally with instrumentalists in country districts—and the cornets were brilliant, and the middle instruments solid. The traditional time was kept; and, generally, it would be a difficult thing in an ordinary contest to beat the rendering of the first band. The tone in the second band (Corris) was not so clear, nor the time quite so steady in the slurs of the second movement. There was an inclination to crack, especially by the sopranos. It was very trifling, but still it was perceptible. The basses, too, were more cloudy, consequently the harmony was not so distinct, clear, and rich. It was an error to play the latter part of the first movement so strong. It was marked *mf*, and when played too strong it weakened the *forte* passage which followed. Nevertheless, the band made a good performance, and he was very pleased to find there was a 2nd prize (cornet, value seven guineas, by J. Higham, Manchester.)"

One of the artistes at the above Eisteddfod was Mr. Herbert Emlyn, of London—a young Welshman who has worked his way up with great rapidity. His singing of Emlyn Evans's "Cy ru m amwyl Gymru" was very well received, this song showing his fine tenor voice to advantage. He is an artist who sings from the very heart, and has soul in the delivery of his different songs. His fine phrasing, enunciation, and such good expression, makes him one of our foremost tenor singers; and his services will, I am sure, be in great demand at our provincial and national Eisteddfodan. His rendering of "Yr hen Gerddor" (in memory of Eos Morlais and R. S. Hughes) was exceedingly good, and was vociferously encored; and he favoured the audience by singing J. Henry's patriotic song, "Gwlad y Delyn."

The singing of Miss Susannah Pierce, A.R.C.M., was also very acceptable.

#### POWYS PROVINCIAL EISTEDDFOD.

THE above was held on the 7th of last month at Llanfyllin (Mont.), and was a great success.

Dr. Joseph Parry acted as musical adjudicator, and his decisions gave universal satisfaction; and Mr. T. Maldwyn Price, R.A.M., was an efficient accompanist; while Cadwan acted as a very appropriate conductor of the proceedings.

Among the chief musical items of the day were the following:

**STRING QUINTET COMPETITION (1 party).**—Prize, £2 2s. *Test piece*: "Y Blodewyn Olaf" (Owain Alan). In point of tone the party were fairly satisfactory, and in point of time also, and Dr. Parry had much pleasure in awarding them the prize. Winning party—Mr. J. Pentyrch Williams and party, Llanfyllin.

**WELSH TRIPLE HARP COMPETITION.**—Two competitors, viz.: 1, Miss Jennie Parry, Liverpool; 2, Mr. Albert Roberts, Newtown. *Test piece*: "Welsh Ais with Variations." Prize, £3 3s. The first (Miss Parry) had good tone and style, but, in the second air, some of the harmonies were somewhat mixed. The third air was much better; the fourth was also satisfactory, and the fifth was rendered in thorough Welsh style, as to time and spirit. As regards the second (Mr. Roberts), the Doctor said the tone of his harp did not equal that of the young lady's—it was thinner. His playing was very clean, and, in the second air, the variations, which were somewhat difficult, were nicely played. The variations of the third and fourth airs were good, and the variations of the fifth also came out well. The whole was highly effective, displaying considerable ability. They had to deal with the best player, and, although he was sorry there was no second prize, he must say that the best player was undoubtedly the

last, viz., Mr. Albert Roberts. Later in the meeting, the Doctor announced that Mr. Lomax (a generous gentleman in the neighbourhood) had kindly given a second prize, £1 1s., to Miss Parry.

**MEZZO-SOPRANO SOLO COMPETITION (15 competitors).**—*Test piece*: "O, ye that Love the Lord" (T. M. Price). Prize £1 1s. Winner—Miss E. Lane, Welshpool.

**PIANOFORTE DUET COMPETITION (7 entries).**—*Test piece*: Beethoven's "Egmont." Prize, £1. Two parties were selected to play in public.

The adjudicator said the first couple played precisely; the introduction was good. The four hands kept well together, and were in sympathy. The harmonies were always crisp and clear, and the various subjects were well read and rendered, full of Beethovenish vigour and fire. Altogether it was a very excellent performance. The second party were less developed as performers than the first, and had not the conception of the work nor the spirit of the great master as had No. 1. There was less character in the intonation, and the second subject was less Beethovenish, and they had not the expression, the conception, and the technique, nor did they reach the artistic height of No. 1. The competition was very creditable, but No. 1 stood far above all the rest, and he awarded them the prize, viz., Misses Katie and Maud Jones (Llanfyllin).

**TENOR SOLO COMPETITION (4 entries).**—*Test piece*: Tosti's "My Memories." Prize, 10s. Winner—Mr. J. Bryan, Llanfyllin.

**MALE VOICE CHOIR COMPETITION.**—Three choirs entered, viz., 1, Rhosllanerchrugog Choir, conducted by Mr. R. Mills; 2, Birkenhead, conducted by Mr. J. Asher Lloyd; 3, Llanfyllin, conducted by Mr. T. Price (father of the composer). *Test piece*: "The Fisherman" ("Y pysgodwy"), by Mr. T. Maldwyn Price, an excellent piece for competition, and which reflects great credit upon the young composer. Prize, £10. The competition was an excellent one and very interesting. Dr. Parry's adjudication was as follows: The 1st choir (Rhos., 60 voices) were rich in tone, and the key F was beautifully maintained by the first tenors in the first movement. The singing was velvety in character, and at the end of the first movement the cadence was beautifully subdued. The many harmonies were well brought out, and the piece was coloured throughout. The bass were slightly mixed in the last movement. The rendering was highly satisfactory; the picturing was well and dramatically done, which showed marks of thorough training by their conductor.

The 2nd choir (Birkenhead, 30 voices) made a crisp start. He felt that the sostenuto part was overdone, and that was the tendency of this choir. They were full of dramatic vigour and good colouring.

The 3rd choir (Llanfyllin, 40 voices) made a fair start, but it was a colourless rendering. They were deficient in the crispness that characterized the other choirs. The opening "Wele Storm" was feeble; the time also became somewhat unsteady towards the end. He had no hesitation in awarding the prize to the 1st choir (Rhos.), whose rendering was more dramatic and coloured, and characterized with more vigour, while the voices were very good.

**BRASS BAND COMPETITION.**—One entry, viz., the Tranmere (Birkenhead) Band, conducted by Mr. W. Seddon. *Test piece*: Intermezzo from Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Dr. Parry, in giving his adjudication, said he was sorry that the test piece was so short. The author is a rising young musician, and is quite a young man, but he has made himself a name. He is an Italian, as is Leon Cavallo, another young musician of the same school, and Verdi, the father of the school. He was glad to see Italy again come to the front in the musical world. As regards the performance of the band, they played in a tone beautifully subdued, a quality seldom heard with brass bands. He had great pleasure in announcing they had played well worthy of the prize, viz., £15.

**SOPRANO SOLO COMPETITION (8 entries).**—*Test piece*: Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Prize, 10s. Best—Miss Mary Jones, Oswestry.

**BASS SOLO COMPETITION (17 competitors).**—*Test piece*: "Gwlad y Delyn" (J. Henry). Prize, 10s. Winner—Mr. Meirion Jones, Birkenhead.

**CHIEF CHORAL COMPETITION.**—*Test piece*:

"Hallelujah" (Beethoven). For choirs not under 60 voices. Prize, £25. The following choirs competed: 1, Welshpool Choir (105 voices), conducted by Mr. E. R. Hughes; 2, Llanfyllin Choir (120 voices), conducted by Mr. T. Price; 3, Oswestry Philharmonic Choir (90 voices), conducted by Mr. John Roberts; 4, Rhosllanerchrugog Choir (110 voices), conducted by Mr. R. Mills. Dr. Parry in giving adjudication said he thought there was a point in numbers. If a choir of 70 could do as much as a choir of 100, there was evidently some merit in the 70 which the 100 did not possess. With regard to the 1st choir (Welshpool), the start was hardly majestic enough when they considered there were 105 voices. The sopranos' G's were rather hard, though a few started better. The subject was well taken up by all the parts. The time was occasionally a little unsteady. The quavers in the second subject by the tenors and basses were wanting a little in breadth of tone. As a whole there was an absence of colour, and of that majesty and pomp so characteristic of the chorus and the general lofty style of Beethoven.

The 2nd choir (Llanfyllin), made a better start, and had better sopranos. The altos came in too soon in one place, and the conductor had to keep back the tendency to hurry. This made the time a little shaky for some time. The subject was well taken up by all the parts, and the rendering was more Beethovenish than the 1st choir, and there were proofs of good training in the singing throughout.

The 3rd choir (Oswestry). This choir numbered 90 voices, 15 less than the 1st choir. They made a crisp and precise start. The sopranos on the top G's were good, and maintained their identity well. The tenors on their G's were also good. The second subject was nicely suppressed, and rendered with subdued dignity. The Allegro was crisp. It was a higher rendering, displaying more culture, fine phrasing, and careful training. He wished to say a word of praise of their accompanist (Mr. H. H. Tims), whose good helpful playing was conspicuous throughout.

4th choir (Rhos.). The Doctor briefly criticised this choir, pointing out that the basses and tenors were slightly shaky, while in the Allegro movement the high G in the soprano was not at all good, and more inclined to flatten.

The 3rd choir gave the highest rendering, the purest intonation throughout, maintaining a high artistic level from first to last, full of pathos and dignity, and to them he awarded the prize.

#### THE EVENING CONCERT.

The day's proceedings were brought to a close by a concert in the pavilion, which, owing to the reputation of the artistes, was crowded to its utmost capacity. J. Lomax, Esq., presided. The renderings of Messrs. Ffrangcon Davies, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, A.R.A.M., and Madame Pollie Jenkins, were vociferously received and encored.

The programme was as follows:

#### PART I.

- Selection ... "Wedding March" ... ("Midsummer Night's Dream")... Mendelssohn. The Prize Band.
- Chorus ... "Hallelujah" ... Beethoven. The Prize Choir.
- Song ... "Flight of Ages" ... Bevan. Madame Pollie Jenkins (encored).
- Duet ... "Hywel a Blodwen" ... Dr. Parry. (Accompanied by the Composer) Miss J. Maldwyn Price and Mr. M. M. Humphreys (encored).
- Song ... "By the Fountain" ... Mrs. Roger Edwards.
- Solo ... "Largo al factotum della cetta" ... Rossini. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies (encored).
- Song ... "Sunshine and Rain" ... Miss Jenny Maldwyn Price.
- Song ... "O ye that love the Lord" ... [7. Maldwyn Price. Miss E. Lane.
- Song ... "Good Company" ... Adams. Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, A.R.A.M.

#### PART II.

- Pianoforte Duet ... "Egmont" ... Beethoven. The Prize Winners.
- Glee ... "Y pysgodwyr" ... T. M. Price. The Prize Choir.

- Song ... "O, Ua byddai'n Haf ohyd" ... W. Davies. Mr. M. Humphreys (encored).
- Song ... "The Village Blacksmith" ... Weiss. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.
- Harp Solo ... "Bells of Aberdovey" ... J. Thomas. (With variations.) The Prize Winner.
- Song ... "Cymru fydd" ... Dr. Parry. (Accompanied by the Composer.) Madame Pollie Jenkins.
- Song ... "Tu hwnt i furian dinas bell" ... Gounod. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.

#### NEWS IN BRIEF.

A FIRM of musical publishers in Edinburgh (Messrs. E. C. Jacks and Co.) has issued the first volume of a collection of 108 unknown (mostly) Welsh airs, entitled "Cambrian Minstrelsie." The editors are Dr. Joseph Parry and Professor Rowlands. The complete work will consist of six volumes. I may also say that Dr. Parry is now working on his fourth opera, viz., "Sylvia." The other three are "Virginia," "Blodwen," and "Arianwen." His son, Mr. Haydn Parry, is on his third opera; the other two are "Cigarette," and "Gwen."

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ONE of the Welshmen chosen to adjudicate on musical competitions at Pontypridd National Eisteddfod is Mr. J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., a young composer of very much promise. His taste lies chiefly in the direction of orchestral music—a field which has yet, to some extent, to be explored and enriched by Welsh talent. An "Overture" from the pen of Mr. Rees will be performed by the Eisteddfod orchestra at one of the evening concerts in connection with the national gathering, conducted by the composer, a move in the right direction. Our encouragement of orchestral music must be more in the future.

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MR. FFRANGCON DAVIES, who for the last three weeks has been engaged at concerts, etc., in North Wales, will sing at two special concerts at the National Eisteddfod, Pontypridd, first week of this month, and on the same occasion will, by request, recite Mendelssohn's "Athalia" (said to have only been recited once before, and that by Santley at the Crystal Palace). Among other appearances of the popular Welsh basso during the coming season, he has been engaged to sing at Sir Charles Hallé's next series of concerts at Manchester; and he will also be the principal bass at North Staffordshire Musical Festival, to be held at Hanley in October, with Mr. Edward Lloyd and Madame Nordica, etc.; also at Blackpool, Leamington ("Paychee"), Nottingham ("Cavalleria Rusticana"), Huddersfield, Halifax ("Acis and Galatea"), etc.

\* \* \*

MR. EDWARD LLOYD and Miss Maggie Davies will be among the principals at the Cheltenham Musical Festival, to be held October 16, 17, 18, and 19.

#### Oxford Notes.

THE college concerts have been the most noticeable features in the music of this term. The excellence of the decorations and *al fresco* refreshments at these functions doubtless tends to their popularity.

Queen's College concert was, as usual, in its own way *facile princeps*; a male voice cantata of considerable merit, entitled "Roland's Horn," and a symphony by Herr Ludwig being the chief novelties. Pembroke and Exeter were only saved from being really poor by the excellent singing, in the former case, of Miss Rose Price, in the latter of Mr. H. J. Rowlands, who last term created such a *furore* by his singing of "Who is Sylvia?" in the O.U.D.S. performance of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

The Merton concert, at which Cowen's "St. John's Eve" was performed, was a distinct success, the violin solo by Miss Spiller deserving hearty praise. The chamber concert at Worcester brought into prominence the superb violin playing of Mr. R. C.

Davies, an undergraduate of the college, who, if we mistake not, was not unknown a year or two ago at the Royal College of Music. Mrs. Helen Trust, a great Oxford favourite, sang some songs in beautiful style.

At Keble Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was given, and the concert was a distinct improvement on those of previous years. The usual concert at Jesus, generally one of the very best, was unavoidably deferred until next year.

On May 20 an immense audience assembled in the Sheldonian to hear Madame Albani, Madlle. Landi, Mr. Charles Chilley, Signor Foli, Madame Frickenhaus, and Mr. Carrodus. All the artistes being in the best form, a perfect concert was the result.

On June 19 the Choral and Philharmonic Society gave their Commemoration. Handel's "L'Allegro" was the *pique de resistance*. The solo parts were entrusted to Miss Evangeline Florence, who was in magnificent voice, Mr. Ivor McKay, and Mr. Watkin Mills; and the whole work received a worthy rendering. The programme also included S. S. Wesley's eight-part chorus, "The Praise of Music," Overture to "Alexander's Feast" (Handel), "O ruddier than the Cherry," and Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. Chorus and orchestra were excellent, and Dr. Varley Roberts (Magdalene) conducted. The audience was below the average.

C. H. S.

#### Leicester Musical Notes.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE genial and popular manager of the Opera House, Leicester, Mr. John Gregory, took his fifth annual benefit on Tuesday evening, July 4, and was amply rewarded with a house that was densely packed in every part—not even standing room was obtainable twenty minutes after the curtain was rung up. Artists representing music and the drama, professional and amateur, flocked from all parts of the kingdom, ready and willing to support the worthy *beneficiare*. All were wonderfully successful in carrying out the lengthy programme, which displayed careful and judicious treatment—every item was more or less the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artiste engaged in its production. The house presented a magnificent and animated appearance; the floral decorations (by G. Draycott) were extensive and artistic, the floral work throwing on every side a mass of bloom and a wealth of colour. The Japanese decorations were again entrusted for the fifth time to Mr. J. D. Horn, who added to his already high reputation as an artistic decorator. On the whole the interior of the house presented a grand as well as a unique appearance. The benefit performance, which proved in every way a big success, was under the distinguished patronage of the Right Hon. the Countess of Stamford and Warrington, who was present with a large and fashionable house party. The performance passed off with great *éclat*, much enthusiasm prevailing. Punctually at 7 p.m. the augmented Royal Opera House Band, numbering forty, conducted by John Gregory, commenced the entertainment with the overture, "Poet and Peasant." The conductor received a very hearty reception on his appearance. The orchestra also played the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and grand selection from "The Mikado." During the evening the following artistes also appeared: Madame Constance Bellamy sang "Come back to Erin" and "Down by the Riverside"; Mr. John Child sang "Let me like a soldier fall"; Mr. John Peachey sang "For all Eternity" (Mascheroni), with violin obbligato, Mr. J. L. Klee; Mr. Wm. Hogarth sang (in character) "The Gallants of England" and "The Trooper"; Mr. Clarence Holt recited (in character) "A Tale told to a Missionary," by George R. Sims, and "The old Clock on the Stairs," by Longfellow; Mr. Arthur Helmore gave his humorous sermon on "Three Blind Mice"; closely followed was that old time favourite, "The Waterman," with Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves as Tom Tug, Mr. W. Hargreaves as Mr. Bundle, Mr. Richard Edgar as Robin, Miss C. Elton as Mrs. Bundle, Miss Helen Peirpoint as Wilhelmina, and

Mr. Henry Nicholson conducted. This famous musical comedy proved to be one of the greatest successes of the evening. Miss Helen Peirpoint's Wilhelmina in every way enhanced her capital reputation as a songstress and an actress of superior ability.

The next item was a sketch, "Ruth's Romance," with Miss Lillie Herries as Ruth Carey, Mr. H. Cecil Beryl as Jack Dudley, and Mr. Russell G. Wallet as Captain Wilton. Messrs. Ryland and Golden, the well-known variety artistes, kept the house in a continual roar for half an hour with their fine knockabout and patter business. Mr. J. H. Taylor sang "The Cautious Lover" and "The Polka and the Choir Boy" (Corney Grain); Mr. G. Tomkins sang Albert Chevalier's well-known coster ditty, "The future Mrs. 'Awkins."

The entertainment concluded with the amateurs' effort, which proved a great surprise for its excellence. The Leicester Amateur Music and Dramatic Club appeared in the second act of the "Bohemian Girl," Mr. J. Smith as Count Arnhem, Mr. Alfred Page as Thaddeus, Mr. J. McRobie as Devilshoof, Mr. W. S. Prentice as Florestine, Mr. W. S. Bostock as the Captain of the Guard, Miss Helen Peirpoint as the Gipsy Queen, and Mrs. F. G. Peirpoint as Arline. The charming music was heard to its fullest advantage, Mr. Alfred Page and Mr. J. McRobie scoring well. The Arline of Mrs. F. G. Peirpoint was in every way a capital performance, her solos being rendered with perfect intonation. The Gipsy Queen of Miss Helen Peirpoint, R.A.M., delighted everyone, but its excellence surprised no one. The great "Frank G." conducted with his usual care and tact. The lessee, Major J. A. Winstanley, gave the use of the house.

## Foreign Notes.

**T**HIS is an account of the number of pieces of music, big and little, published during the past year in Germany:

|                   |       |
|-------------------|-------|
| Pianoforte        | 2,885 |
| Other instruments | 2,577 |
| Songs             | 3,966 |
| <hr/>             |       |

9,428

Add to this 325 books on musical subjects, and we have a grand total of 9,753.

\* \* \*

THERE has recently occurred in Coburg a competition, a prize being offered for the two best operas. One of the two is "Die Rose von Pontrevreda;" the name of the other has not come here as yet.

\* \* \*

THE composer of this one is a Herr Forster, a Trojoiach man. Two of his previous works have been sung successfully in Vienna.

\* \* \*

THE Beethoven Festival in Bonn produced £1,000.

\* \* \*

DVORAK is "going it." He is now busy on a symphony entirely made up of nigger melodies!

\* \* \*

LADY musicians are coming to the fore. First, Chaminade; now a Miss Elfrieda Andrée, organist of Gothenburg Cathedral in Sweden, has composed a symphony, and had it played with complete (Gothenburg) success. The local reporter says it possesses "beautiful melodies and interesting details"—and this should satisfy the most critical.

\* \* \*

*La Cronaca Wagneriana* is the somewhat unpronounceable name of a new journal issued in Bologna. It is not polemical, but will contain every obtainable fact about performances of "the Meister's" works and the progress of the Wagner movement throughout the world.

\* \* \*

HITHERTO musical performances have been taxed in France. Now the Government has removed the tax on all charity concerts. So all that you have to

do is to promise the proceeds of your concert to a charity and you go untaxed. Your accounts will (roughly) stand thus :

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| Gross takings ...                              | £200 0 0   |
| Expenses (including your own remuneration) ... | 199 19 11½ |
| Handed to the charity ...                      | £0 0 0½    |

## Patents.

**T**HIS list is specially compiled for the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 11,546. Phillip von Hertling, 89, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in mechanically-played musical instruments. June 13th.
- 11,664. Henry Newman, 1, Cherry Street, Birmingham. Improvements in a music-holder. June 14th.
- 11,672. Ferdinand Pietschmann, 6, Lord Street, Liverpool. Improvements in or connected with mechanical musical instruments. June 14th.
- 12,024. John Henry Ball, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Improvements in harmonicas or mouth-organs. June 19th.
- 11,226. F. F. Hess, 433, Strand, London. Improvements in zithers. June 21st.
- 12,290. William Philips Thompson, 6, Lord Street, Liverpool. Improvements in pianofortes, June 22nd.
- 12,392. Robert Mayne Boyd, 37, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in music and like stands. June 23rd.
- 12,838. Joseph William Slade and John Henry Slade, 337, Essex Road, Islington, London. The Lyric convertible music receptacle or stand. June 30th.
- 11,053. Edward Knowles Heaps, Bank Buildings, George Street, Sheffield. Improvements in and relating to mutes for stringed instruments. June 6th.
- 11,063. Alfred Julius Boult, 323, High Holborn, London. Improvements in musical dolls or toys. June 6th.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 5,060. Richter. Mechanical musical instruments. 1893 ... 10d.
- 6,764. Atkinson. Muting violins, etc. 1893. 10d.
- 16,209. Smith. Chamber pedal organs. 1892. 10d.
- 8,063. Von Hertling. Mechanical musical instruments. 1893 ... 10d.

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MAGAZINE OF MUSIC SUPPLEMENT.



Magazine of Music Supplement, August 1893.

**M**inuet in F# minor  
\* by \*  
**MENDELSSOHN.**

**Y**OU WHO KNOW  
▽ by ▽  
**John J. Runciman.**

**A**ll Mail to Thee England  
\* by \*  
**FERRIS TOZER.**

London.  
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

M I N U E T  
in F  $\sharp$  minor.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

**PIANO.**

**Tempo di Menuetto. ( $\text{♩} = 152$ ).**

*p sempre staccato e leggiero*

The image displays a page of classical piano sheet music. It consists of five horizontal staves, each with a treble clef and a bass clef. The music is written in common time. A key signature of two sharps is present throughout. Various dynamics are marked, including forte (f), piano (p), sforzando (sf), and diminuendo (dim.). Measure numbers 1 and 2 are placed above the first and second staves respectively. The notation includes a variety of note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The music is divided into sections by vertical bar lines and measures.

# "YOU WHO KNOW."

Words by  
J. RUNCIMAN.

Music by  
JOHN J. RUNCIMAN.

VOICE.

PIANO.

You who know what care - ful arms Si - lence winds a - bout the dead,

Or what far - swept mu - sic charms Hearts that were

earth wear - ri - ed You who know -

dim.

(if aught be known) In that ev - er

cresc.

The music includes dynamic markings like *p*, *pp*, *legato*, *cresc.*, *poco a poco*, *dim.*, and *cresc.* It also features various musical techniques such as eighth-note patterns, sixteenth-note chords, and grace notes.

PATRIOTIC SONG

last - ing hush Where the life - lorn fears be shown Where the

eye - less ag - es rush, Whisper! is it  
col 8

li - ving rest Heals the whi - lom hurt of life? Is nir - va - na

cresc. poco a

un-dis-trest Even by mem - or - y \_\_\_\_\_ of strife?

poco

Is nirvana undisturbed Even by memor-y \_\_\_\_\_ of strife. ppp

\* PATRIOTIC SONG

FOR UNISON VOICES.

"ALL HAIL TO THEE ENGLAND."

Words by

Lieut. J. V. DAVIS, R. N. R.

Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 120$ .

Music by

FERRIS TOZER.

PIANO.

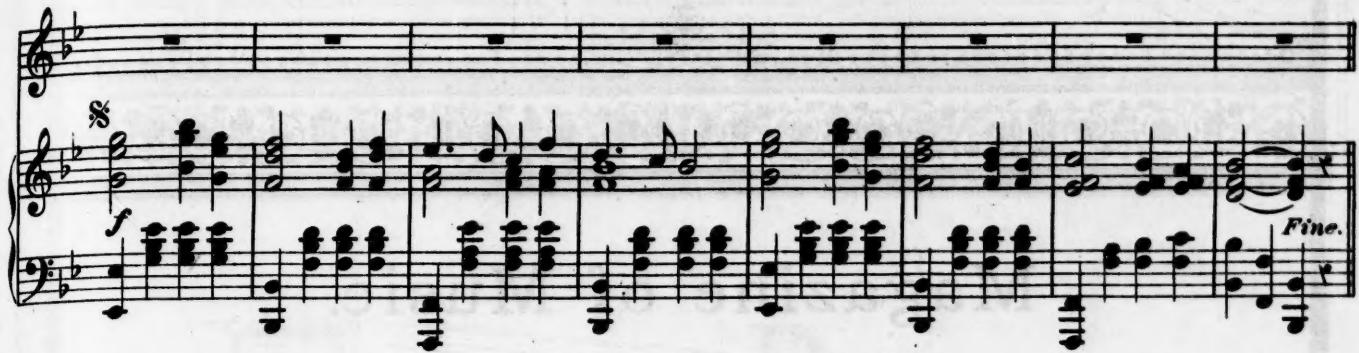
1. Eng-land we hail Thee, our own be-loved Coun-try Well may they call thee the "Queen of the Sea," The  
2. Eng-land we hail Thee, thou land of fair beau-ty, We hail thy green mea-dows and flow'-ry dales, Each

1. birth-place of va-lour, the land of true free-dom, Thou e-ver hast been, and e-ver wilt be; Thy  
2. lake and each ri-ver, each hill and each moun-tain, Thy fo-rests and moors, thy riv-ulets and vales: Thy

1. sons sing thy prai-ses a-far o'er the wa-ters, And bold-ly do hail thee as Queen of the wave  
2. ci-ties so great with their build-ings so state-ly, Thy old ru-in'd eas-tles so an-cient and grey,

1. Pure-ness and truth fill the breasts of thy daugh-ters Thy sons rank a-mongst the brav-est of brave.  
2. scenes of the bright-est and scenes of the fair-est Shrined in our hearts for e-ver will stay.

\* This song may be sung by one or any number of voices. If by the former, the words *we* and *our* must be changed to *I* and *my*.



3. Eng-land we hail Thee, thou land of our fa-ther's, The land of our birth, our friends and our home; Thy



chil-dren in ex - ile who wander far from thee, Do think of thee e - ver, Wher'er they may roam, The



home of their child-hood, fair Is - land of Beau - ty The land of green meadow and flow-e - ry dale. \*



*ff a tempo*  
List to their cry from a - far o'er the wa - ters From far foreigncoun-tries thy sons give thee hail. —





Magazine of Music.

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Magazine of Music Supplement, August 1893.

**Fantasia in D minor**  
by  
**MOZART.**

**RONDO in A MAJOR**  
\* by \*  
**BEETHOVEN.**

**Favourite Minuet in D major**  
by  
**MOZART.**



London.  
MASSAGE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

# FANTASIA

in D minor.

W. A. MOZART.

**PIANO.**

**Andante.**

**Adagio.**

**cresc.**      **f p**      **cresc.**      **f**

3

Presto.

Tempo I.

cresc.

Presto.

Tempo I.

4

**Allegretto.**

*dolce*

*a tempo*

*dolce*

*rall.*

*pp*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*p*

*ff*

Before studying the piece, practise these many times.

## RONDO IN A.

L.van BEETHOVEN.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

A page of musical notation for piano, featuring two staves and eight measures of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 1: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (ff), bass staff has eighth notes. Measure 2: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth notes. Measure 3: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth-note pairs (f). Measure 4: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth-note pairs. Measure 5: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth-note pairs (p). Measure 6: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth-note pairs. Measure 7: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (f), bass staff has eighth notes. Measure 8: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth notes (p). Measure 9: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs, bass staff has eighth notes. Measure 10: Treble staff has eighth-note pairs (f), bass staff has eighth notes.

## FAVORITE MINUTE

7

Sheet music for piano, featuring six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and major key. The first staff shows a dynamic 'p' followed by a forte dynamic 'f'. The second staff begins with a dynamic 'p'. The third staff ends with a dynamic 'f' and a fermata. The fourth staff starts with a dynamic 'p' and includes a performance instruction 'const pa'. The fifth staff begins with a dynamic 'f'. The sixth staff begins with a dynamic 'ff'. The music consists of various note patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

FAVOURITE MINUET  
in D major.

W. A. MOZART.

PIANO.

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation for piano. The first staff is labeled "PIANO." and has a dynamic marking "dolce". The subsequent staves show various musical patterns, including sixteenth-note figures and sustained notes. The notation includes both treble and bass clefs, with key signatures of D major (one sharp) and G major (one sharp). The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Some measures contain multiple notes per beat, indicated by small numbers above the stems. The piece concludes with a final cadence in G major.